

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Editor: DR. PAUL CARUS.

Associates: { E. C. HEGELER
MARY CARUS.

VOL. XIX. (NO. 11.) NOVEMBER, 1905.

NO. 594

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steel are constantly changing and re-arranging in position or form. Each orb in space is interrelated with every other sphere, and there is an endless interchange of energy among all. The same is true of every atom of matter and every individual personality in the range of creation. Nature works ceaselessly throughout her mighty realm. She destroys ruthlessly, but annihilates nothing; all is change. Rest in any form is simply a change in activity; possibly of vibratory energy.

"There is everywhere endless flux which the thoughtful of all times have seen to be the most evident feature in the universe; changes in the internal relations of structure,—breaking up of molecules, crystal passing into solution, the activity of spheres ending with the loss of heat which inspired their life." Then follows readjustment of molecular construction through temperative influences, aided by other cosmic agencies.

III.

It cannot be asserted that all matter is sentient, but it is rational to declare that it is instinct with life. And wherever life is, there must also be activity.

Contemplation of the tremendous activities everywhere, reveals the astonishing absurdity of the musty myth from Chaldea, brought away by Israelitish captives as a mental infection of her heathen legends, that a curse had been affixed to man: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

"Work," said George Sand, "is not man's punishment; it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure."

In the light of to-day, to call the activities of our existence a "curse" inherited from Adam, is silly. Such theological nonsense has done much hurt, and caused futile repinings and complaints against God's injustice: blinding men to the real beneficence and meaning of work. Life would become as "tedious as a twice-told tale," did man have his food placed ready before him.

And if the pronouncement be a "curse," as alleged, then it applies to all creation, organic and inorganic alike; plant, animal, man, atom, and molecule; whether of earth or elsewhere in the universe. Even the beast of the field must chase its prey, fish for its dinner, crop its herbage, hunt afield for provender, use force, cunning, or artifice at every turn to compass its livelihood, and defend its own life. All of this involves activity, labor, and zealous effort: and all is designed by the Creator as health-giving, and strengthen-

ing to the mental and physical powers, and, mayhap, to fit each individual for yet more strenuous labors in a succeeding career.

Human life (and animal and vegetable as well) is typified by the story of Sisyphus in mythology, rolling the stone up the steeps of Caucasus, unendingly. The lessons of life are never complete, but each hour and day brings a task.

Inertia is as insupportable as labor, and enforced idleness is fraught with pain quite as much as necessitous work.

Out of the murkiness of life's *causa rerum* there comes "as through a glass darkly," a ghostly chimera or scintillation of reason, or dawning of intelligence, that there neither can be, has been, nor ever will be any progress in the universe known to man, except through struggle; that the efficient motive of advance in any line soever is the impelling pain of necessity.

Supineness means death, in any department of physical life; and the laws of the physical are related to those of the spiritual life. Release from effort induces decay; slothfulness of mind prefigures atony of brain power; too much sleep means dry rot of mind and body.

Inertness of life forces finds rigorous law as inexorable in enactment as the course of the spheres in their orbits: slothfulness means dissolution!

IV.

"In nature nothing is given; all is sold," said Emerson. It is true. Man pays a price for all happiness or advancement whatsoever. His upright posture of body is had at increased expense to life and added dangers to health.

If he can feel that he has anything gratis, it is the esthetic joy of refined sense that comes as the exultation of spring, the beauty of scene, the bloomings of flowers, the charm of music, the exuberance of spirit in the gladness of youth, and the blessedness of quietude in solitary places when the world-worn soul needs repose. But even these have been bought with a price; even these are artificialities. The nervous developments and psychical unfoldments that contribute to the faculty of esthetic enjoyment are not natural, but are the outgrowths of an unnatural condition of existence called society. It is, like the sense of conscience, an educative product largely dependent on geographical and environmental conditions. The age likewise is involved, for the orthodoxy of one period is the heterodoxy of another. The sin of yesterday is the virtue of to-day. The admired of to-day may be the hated of to-morrow. Ethics and

esthetics are artificial plants engrafted on our civilized body, and subject to pruning and regrafting of other cults according to the changing views of clime and civilization.

In considering the ruthlessness of nature in exacting toll for every advance or happiness, man can not regard himself as above his fellow creatures of other species, whom he vain-gloriously regards as "lower orders." Man is no more a favorite of nature than the smallest insect or mollusk. He must fight for his life, and suffer pain, and advance only through struggle and rigor alike with all other creatures. Nothing is given him; he pays toll for every advantage, for every step forward, for every happiness.

Nor do I find any true relationship between happiness and pain, except that pain seems the parent of pleasure; that but for the faculty of pain man could not enjoy; and there is surely more pain allotted him than pleasure. Pain is absolute; pleasure is purely relative. Pleasure has its limits in pain, and for pleasure pain exacts compensation.

V.

There is a fly in the ointment everywhere. Nature has made nothing perfect. There is a flaw in all her works. The most beautiful form has the misprision of a plain face; or angelic features are fixed upon a misshapen figure. The rose has its thorn, and but few thorns are adorned with roses. Nature is a monster parent who doles out her gifts in a miserly fashion and rakes in usury with hard grasp.

It must be just right, though not comprehensible to our senses as right justice.

Nature is, to finite sense, the active refutation of our assertion God is love. Our love is finite, and blind. The babe shrieks in its bath, nor has remotest idea of the great mother love which smiles at its woe. We are merest babes in intelligence, and curse that fate or God which enforces exaction of world-baths upon us.

Surely the cares of life are meant for our good, else they should not be laid imperatively upon us. The child's bath is designed for its health and welfare. Our worldly inundations of care are much like the babe's washing.

VI.

"The consummation towards which organic evolution is tending," said Fiske, "is the production of the highest and most perfect psychical life."

Activities are needful. Activity is the agent of evolution, every-

where; for evolution is at work in all nature. There can be no progress in man's estate except through struggle, effort, work; "in the sweat of his face"; through the impulsion of pain.

Pain is the artificer that chisels and shapes the soul.

Pain is the arduous and ardent tutor of the mind.

Pain is man's fate: pain drives to effort.

Pain scourges to vigor.

Pain giveth man to understand;

Pain opens his eyes; and through adversity does he see.

Pain preserves his body, and makes him careful of that raiment of the soul.

Pain makes him relinquish it when it is worn or torn or unfitted for the indwelling of his spirit!

Pain makes him travail over-night, but joy cometh in the morning when he awakes in the likeness of psychical perfection designed and predicate of the soul.

Even the flounderings of the religious mind through the mazes of priestcraft and the insanity of zealot mystics that have surrounded man since his evolvment from the night of prehistoric savage life are typical of that laboring which marks every step in his advance. The goal is psychical growth, henceforth; and only through pain, pain, pain, can he advance.

VII.

Frost is essential to the future flower, vegetable, oak.

Pain is the sun which quickens the graces of soul, which awakens into activity the seeds of larger life, and brings to full fruition fortitude, energy, gratitude, pity, beneficence, altruism. It is the "fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." It is the hurting "touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The lashings of circumstance are providential; they are fatalistic; actually designed of God to refine our dross, to chip away the inequalities of our character; to strengthen our soul-fibres by adversity, as the reed is made withy and staunch in the wind; to educe vigor of soul; to provoke psychical development; to excite thought-force; to promote an evolution of the ego to—what end?

Cui bono?

Surely, to fit for superior and yet more strenuous stages to follow this present scene, and which are inevitable; which no death can obviate; which must be met soon or late, and which it were wisdom to courageously look forward to and serenely assume as fore-ordained of the Lord of creation, and of ultimate beneficence.

Verily, all is progression; and only through precedent struggle, pain. The soul is strengthened thus, and fitted for later burdenings; or else, sinking under lighter weights, goes down and out of life. It is the strong of soul who continue, much as it is a survival of the fittest in physical life.

Once, the development of man's physical life was paramount. Now the unfoldment of his soul-part is most essential, and we may expect reactionary involvement of his physical organism; as for instance, vestigial organs that yet hamper his physical form, and are subject to disease as outlawed tissue, redundant, undesired by the body, and seeking to be cast off.

VIII.

Pain is not to be reckoned as abnormal, but as nature's protest against the abnormal; it is her finger sternly pointing the other way that she means us to go.

The laws of nature are docile if harnessed in obedience to the laws of God. These laws are not written on tables of stone. Nor are they readable save by the light of experience. Experience is the essence of the earth-life.

Till we learn that a given act or want of action brings disease or injury to the body, we suffer. Fire would destroy if my hand felt no pain when in contact with the flame. Pain makes us care for this suit of the soul which temporarily invests the spirit.

If we go contrary to nature's laws, wittingly or ignorantly, we are victims of pain or destruction. Man, animal, and plant are all subject to the same laws.

Pathology is only physiology carried to excess. Fatigue is a form of suffering to warn that certain elements poisonous to the body have been generated within, and that we must pause till they are eliminated by the processes of life-chemistry, active during rest.

We can conquer pain by avoiding its causes; we can only avoid by knowledge. Knowledge comes by experience.

If we but knew or realized that no law of nature can be violated except an inexorable penalty be exacted in pain, how much greater happiness might result. This law applies equally to every department of our lives; whether it be physical, mental, spiritual, moral, or intellectual.

All our sufferings are due to ignorance. When we learn that fire is painful we avoid its burnings. We are taught only through pain.

The harsh grindstone makes the sharp axe.

Anguish drives us to effort, and it is only through endeavor that we make any progress whatever. There is no royal road to any success. The price for every gain must be paid. Let no man cheat himself by thinking otherwise, but rather let him gird up his loins and courageously endure hardships, care, and the drenchings of sorrow. They are designed for his advancement and good. It is only thus that he can go forward. To learn is his fate; and he can only learn through suffering. And if he does not see the lesson intended, he must suffer again and again till he has clear vision, and obedient heart. Nature is obdurate and merciless. She will be obeyed, or slays ruthlessly, even unto the last.

From infancy to manhood we grow in stature and strength, and are thus fitted for the rigors of man's estate. One life seems to prefigure and fit for a subsequent life; that is to be more strenuous than the preceding; else the sufferings of the one that now is were futile.

The experiences of a matured man are not handed on to his progeny, because the richest and most valuable of them do not come till he has passed the active procreative period. Then are not the accumulations of ripe age and intellect wasted if death ends all. If such harvested lessons are to be lost in the grave? No; we have need for such experiences; for the fruit of life seems to be to gain experience, which is to serve us in a subsequent career. If we enter a heaven of idle rest after death we have wasted our time in gathering experience during our earthly existence.

IX.

Physical pain is a consequence of that natural blindness to the results that follow our action or inaction. The unsophisticated babe grasps at the candle, and its hand would be destroyed by the fire, did not the nerves cry out in agony, causing the removal of threatened fingers. All physical pain is thus a teacher.

Psychical pain comes as the effect of heedlessness, want of thought, on our own or another's part; or because of a misconception of the function of death, which momentarily separates friends and loved ones. When the soul husks off its body it does not divide itself from friends more than the closing of our eyes cuts us off from visible communication.

The only painless thing in life is the act of death.

Aristotle suggested the hint that pain (evil) had an indispensable function: and that nothing found in nature was out of place, but had its uses.

In the blindness of our finite understandings we cannot quite comprehend the ever needful utility of pain; but as we work upward into the light of intellectual evolvment, doubtless we shall realize the beneficence of anguish, strife, activity; that the principle concerned is psychic unfoldment. Through the clarifying influence of this soul-intelligence there will appear much that is incomprehensible at this stage; there will eventuate ability to perceive and intelligence to avoid the evil of pain, the stress of work, the ardor of struggle. Knowledge will bring enlarged judgment, and appreciation of consequences of acts which are entailed by our present ignorance.

Some philosophers since Darwin consider the meaning of the universal struggle for existence to have been "to bring forth as the consummate product of creative energy, the Human Soul." Analogically, the gradual unfoldment of the psychical in the lower orders must likewise be reckoned thus; else, why do they, too, strive as man has striven?

Leibnitz regarded evil as a negative condition, i. e., the absence of the good; and held that "its active and seemingly positive character is an incidental and not an essential part of its nature." The pessimistic Schopenhauer retorts "it is good that is negative; happiness and satisfaction implying some desire fulfilled, some state of pain brought to an end." It seems that both may be mistaken.

The greatest good comes out of deepest sorrow. It is the contrast with one state that enables appreciation of the other.

The continued sipping of sweets cloy the taste. So likewise, the constant goad of care lessens its pricking.

A ship without ballast is as flotsam and jetsam. A career without responsibilities is inane.

A protected plant is brittle and weak; the one inured to winds is sturdy and withy.

The tales of the men of one age are soon told and soon forgotten.

"After the lapse of a thousand years," said Shaler, "not one name in a hundred million names is remembered."

What, then, is history? In the milleniums of the ages of creation what folly to reckon by time!

Life is an ever-fleeting change; a restless hurrying of kine-matoscopic events; and he is the happiest man who seeks to utilize or enjoy the actual present.

Men toil and moil for the future, and lie down to die. What of their substance? It goes quickly; and those who are its heirs wonder aghast at the wings with which it has flown.

Life is simply a progression, without beginning or end, save as it is always beginning and ending.

Life is given to us to gain experience. And each fits for others yet to come. The more strenuous the experience, the deeper the lesson branded on the soul.

The motive of early existence seems to be to get experience which shall fit us for yet more rigorous endurings afterwards.

Please ponder this thought.

It is certain that we never learn anything except through pain. We did not learn to walk but by bumping our infant shins; nor to eat without the precedent pang of tooth-cutting; nor to lift a burden without previous effort at a lesser burden; much as the man who lifted a calf day by day that he might eventually lift it as an ox.

And the more highly we become developed in muscle, nerve, or intellectual nature, and the more refined and sensitized our emotional nature, the more keenly do we feel. The thrust of woe into the sodden of earth is infinitely less agonizing than to the finely drawn nervous organization of the more highly bred creature. The same is true of plant life as of man or animal. The more developed, the more delicate in sensibility and susceptibility.

The condition of growth in any department of life is exercise. Hence, the wrenchings and poignancy of heart suggest strength of soul added after each storm.

Life is a problem not yet solved. Yet he who has no trials is essentially weak of heart when the real assaults of life are upon him. One should be grateful to the fate which brings difficulties that must needs be overcome. Troubles should be regarded as blessings. They beat out the soul and make it strong,—much as enforced labor of body enables it to withstand hardship and toil that comes in later days. Strength of heart gotten in this life is but a preparation for yet more earnest tasks in a subsequent career. Else, why the threshings here? A supine heaven of idle rest seems absurd and unwarranted by any analogy in nature. The evolutionary history of all life, organic and inorganic, teaches thus; the survival of the fittest is conclusive. He who weakly succumbs, whatever his genera, goes down and out. His species is gone even, if it adapt not itself to conditions of nature.

The soul on earth has several physical methods of gaining information of mundane conditions. It can have no cognizance of this earth save through the senses operating through the eye, ear, tongue, olfactories, and nerves of sensation. If either sense organ

were destroyed the soul would have no cognition of the world to that extent. Hence, the soul is alive to earth only so long as its organs of communication are operative. The soul is alien to this planet: while here it is in the dark. Its lamps are the five senses. If one lamp be put out the soul perceives only by the others. The soul can suffer no physical pain for it is spiritual. When its mortal senses are destroyed it must flee away to its altersphere,—its altern-ity. The soul gets its perceptions of earth through the faculties of the body, and is alone sensible of its earth-existence through such powers or instruments.

Destroy certain brain cells and the soul to that extent is dead. Compress the brain in certain centers, and the soul is insensible to external conditions. Remove the compression, and the soul revives, and is alive to conditions about it.

There is another phase: a life of ease and luxury is selfish. For every day of leisure, some one else has had to toil and sweat. Inferentially, for every pang you escape some one else has had to endure. You may have learned by another's experience to avoid certain steps that lead into danger. Your woe, in turn, may save some one else sorrow.

As for psychical griefs: are they not bound up in the saying of the Bard of Avon: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so"? Society has certain laws, the infraction of which brings social disgrace. The odium of organized society gives mental pain. The view-point may be different to-morrow. For that which is creed to-day may be heresy to-morrow. The esthetic evils of life are not such *per se*, but in the prevalent opinion which the surrounding civilization holds in regard to them. Sin depends on the age and the social conditions obtaining. Take any of the cardinal sins: Polygamy for instance. Was it not the accepted will of God throughout the Israelitic régime; and instead of long petitions being presented the law-givers, protesting against the seating of an elector in the house of Judaic legislation, it was considered unbecoming for an unmarried or a monogamous man to be selected. History teaches that public opinion differs as time and conditions change. Many mental worries, therefore, are hateful simply because of the opinion we assume others to entertain of an act or condition.

X.

How is the psychical entity developed? Through the sensibilities; the affections, the sympathies, the strivings of spirit; through heart-burnings, mental agonies, the teasing ecstasies of apprehen-

sion, the desolation of loss, the midnight of despair, the weightings of woe, and the rackings of pain—pain of mind and body.

Pain is the food of the soul which grows with what it feeds upon.

The oak waxes strong in the winds that wrench its branches; the plant in the protected corner grows white and sickly and frail. The sturdy of soul is that one whom the storms of passion, sorrow, and poignancy have lashed and swirled and sorely wounded.

The fruit of life is Experience; and Circumstance is the school-master who whips with inexorable ardor; but never with unkindly meaning, however mercilessly. The apparent malignancy toward man is no less virulent than towards all of earth.

The planets in abysmal space are torn and rent with ceaseless storm and cataclysm only to fit them for their ultimate uses.

Inanimate things are as constant in activity as animate. Inorganic creation is as incessantly changing its molecular parts as occur the physiological mutations of organic career.

Nature is bloody-jawed toward all; plant, insect, animal, man. No life without death of some other life. No food but through the destruction of some other life, either of plant or animal. Nor is the eductive sense yclept conscience to be heard when the remorseless stomach's call is made, and which ever recurs, as the ancient cry of the horse-leech: "Give, give!"

Nature is as merciless in her inherent demands as she is prolific in animate productions. Living creatures are born in multitudinous hordes only to be hustled into the hopper of death, through which operation strength is afforded other beings with which to procreate yet other teeming victims, who in turn eat their contemporaries and in their turn execute their little act of reproduction in pain, existing themselves through the pain of their victims to nutrition; and then, complete in due process the tragedy of their brief existence by passing out of life to yield up their own bodies and blood for the sustenance of those who follow hard after.

To kill life in one form means to create life in another form.

Life preys on life; death thrives only on death, even as it promotes life through continuing the decimation of life.

Oh! how inscrutable the hardness of that power which overrules all! Oh! how futile and sad the operation of the impulse of altruism in the face of such fatalistic careers which none can avert!

"How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

XI.

Life is a portentous actuality; and if unexplained by evolution or its outgrowth, then indeed is it an unfathomable injustice, and a gift thrust upon ourselves as causeless victims of implacable cruelty or meaningless fate.

"The history of civilization," said Huxley, "is the record of the attempt of the human race to escape from the indictment of nature." And as if man's woe in his battle with nature were not enough, it has been augmented by the frightful imagining of perverted or diseased minds. These for ulterior selfish motives, or having benevolent design and "thinking to do God service," devised supernatural, intangible, unseen, and mythical agencies to whom in the first instance must be made offerings of the "first fruits" and choicest products (through themselves as vice-gerents), in propitiation for innate impulse or thoughtless acts denominated sin; and secondly, that the darkened understanding of humanity might "serve the Lord with gladness."

Bewildered, man yielded worship to the God of Love whom he was told to "fear," and bowed in unfeigned fear and abject servility to the devil whom he was told epitomized Hate.

How silly and blind and sad is the record of theology! How much of selfishness and how much of goodness inspired the devotion of the theologians of the past! How tremendous the coming awakening of the near future! How quintescent the buffoonery of imagination that has tried to portray the mis-known God, and how grovelling and puerile His attributes as delineated by theology! "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who by searching can find Him out?"

The dark ages did not end with the thirteenth century, but are fading with the dawn of the twentieth.

Reason "sits as a refiner and purifier," and the theology of yesterday and to-day will be cast out and trodden under foot as the rottenness of mildew, and "God, even our God," will be "worshiped in the beauty of holiness;" and the earth shall be filled with his knowledge and glory as the waters that cover the sea!

XII.

We do not possess life; life possesses us. We are life.

Each life is a duty to be done; death comes as its crown.

We are no poorer at the end of each day. Our existence is not shortened through the lapse of hours and days.

This life is but a brief period in eternity,—one end of it being before and the other behind us.

We are in eternity now, and as much in the presence of God as we will ever be.

Time is only man's mode of reckoning his sojourn on earth, and calculating events of history.

XIII.

The brain is the residence of the mind; and it is from there the mind chiefly directs the growth of the body, through which its mandates are obeyed. If the mind be stolid and dense the body must needs be coarse and gross, and the brain is less finer in texture and cell. Such a brain and body must hence blunder over and accomplish its tasks laboriously, painfully, uncouthly.

"The test of civilization is the saving of labor." (Jordan.)

The advance of intelligence means the emancipation of the body from effort, from pain of nerves, and weariness of muscles. "In the sweat of thy face" is God's greatest blessing. Its enactment gives that pain which awakes thought in the sufferer, provokes ideas, stimulates to inspiration, inspires intellectual growth, and thus contrives easier methods. Notwithstanding, with each advance is opened wider fields, newer duties, keener spurtings, stronger desires, greater aspirations, all of which tend to force the individual up onto higher planes of thought.

Where the brain will not work the pitiful body must. Idleness, slothfulness, undue sleep, all exact toll.

It is not the intermarriage of royalty that causes the degeneracy we prate of, but the purposeless life they lead; the want of necessity for activity; the curse of the parasitic existence maintained. It is not the intermixture of related bloods, *per se*, that educes the degeneracy; but the joining of two sluggish streams, enervated by inaction of idle strains, which, combined, find no energizing principle to be transmitted to their unfortunate progeny.

"The creatures which rule the world are the children of struggle and storm," be it of man or animal or plant. For plants are sessile animals, yet must work for their existence.

A tree or plant is never still; but even in stillest appearance is undergoing a vibratory, spiral working of trunk, or stem, or leaf. Thus it works for its living, even as the haughty descendant of him of Eden who was cast out to earn his bread by "the sweat of his face."

XIV.

"In the process of re-production" said an eminent scientist, "all the experience of antecedent life is passed on from generation to generation, over a molecular bridge,—a tiny mass of protoplasm,—imponderably small, carrying on from parent to child the body, the mind, all indeed that the predecessors in tens of thousands of specific forms and unimaginable millions of individuals have won of enduring profit from their experience." In the twilight of ancestral development, the struggle for existence, the pain endured, was of different sort from that of ten thousand years later, or than that suffered by us of present development. Theirs was less specialized sensibility, and necessarily less acute of perception. Their struggles and effort became an habituation of work, and as such effort became engrafted upon the organism, other lessons obtruded on the senses: and these became painful in turn till their goad became tolerant, and habit rendered their pain obtuse. Then came other woe or effort, or work in the struggle upwards,—all tending to the development of the psychical. Once, man had to fix his mind on the processes of digestion, on his heart beat, on his respiration, etc.

This struggle endured by his predecessors finds man of to-day fitted to the pressure of the air, the beat of his heart. Habit becomes second nature. But with each adaptation comes enforced progress: for *with each height gained there comes need for other climbing.*

Progress ever brings organic dissatisfaction; enlarged activities; imperative further effort; struggle with new conditions.

"A developed society is dynamic," says David Starr Jordan. "A static society, no matter how perfect it seem, whether a Utopia, Icaria, or City of the Sun, is a condition of arrested development. Its perfection is that of death. The most highly developed organisms show the greatest imperfections. The most perfect adaptations to conditions need re-adaptation, as conditions themselves speedily change. The dream of a static millennium, when struggle and change shall be over, when all shall be happy and secure, finds no warrant in our knowledge of man and the world."

So of all animate life. The attainment of one height but brings higher mounts in view.

The reaching of perfection typified by the Christ-life will bring hitherto unimagined moral planes into consideration.

That which is to-day our crystallized ethical thought in the Son of God must one distant day be displaced by another transcendently beyond our ethical ken of now.

The hardest tasks of the race lie before it; not behind. The ability to endure carries with it the necessity of endurance. The capacity for suffering will bring the pain; but with it there comes the intellectual ability to work out a way of escape; and upon such struggle there hinges that further soul progression towards which man has ever tended, and must ever go.

XV.

More and more grows the conviction that this present life is a crasis of psychic growth, and that our encasement is "of the earth earthy," and intended for temporary corporeal use. Our present career is a transitory stage, and we pass through the process called death to lay aside a habitation no longer tenable, or perchance outgrown by the spirit seeking wider, newer, larger experiences, which tend toward imperative psychical growth and ripeness.

Hence, the wisdom of life is to live in the actual present; enjoy to-day as the only one vouchsafed; do good to-day as the "chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely"; spread the gospel of kindness *to-day*; deny ourselves no legitimate joy, for we have only this one day. Mayhap, another day will dawn, but it is only one more of to-day, and it should likewise be lived as yesterday,—as affording one other opportunity of usefulness, beneficence, experience-getting; all tending to soul-enlargement, spiritual grace, psychical unfoldment. For life is in no sense "a paltry misery closed in the grave."

XVI.

The troubles of this life clearly portray, by prefigurement, our need for soul-growth. The unborn infant is not conscious of the soul within itself, nor cognizant of its birth. The soul in the growing child is innocent of its progression. The spirit of the full-grown man is dimly conscious of being, and is most sensible of it when in pain. When he dies he enters upon another plane, mayhap like that he now finds himself upon, even as the infant enters here. The pang of death is no more to the dying than that of birth to the infant entering into life.

The child *in utero* is gathering physical lineaments; the man gathers spiritual markings. Each is a condition of nascency; and who shall say that it is all ended by the death of the individual any more than the unconscious child's life ends with its worldly entrance.

The fœtus *in utero* passes through a kinematographic history of its ancestry's physical career throughout millions of years.

May not the death of the individual mean the enactment on or

in another element the soul-history of earth, which will fit by a mystical period of growth, for another and larger career?

XVII.

Surely, the prolonged grindings of the emery of time, the accumulations of experience, the brandings of pain, affliction, despair, and death, have unitedly their mission; they have wrought out the psychical part of man, of beast, of all creation. And this work is not done, but must continue. All creatures involved are being thus brought upon a plane of intelligence, whereby capabilities of forethought aid in avoiding the entailed disaster of ignorant acts, and facilitate obviation of woes common to progenitors.

It is the lessons of experience—pain—by which we learn. And with this development is a further price: the enlarged capacity for keener pangs, commensurate, too, with the ability to enjoy because of the refinement of nerve-cell. For with the chastenings of the physical comes a sensitizing of the susceptibilities. And as the progress of man in future will be along the psychical, the physical will become even more subordinate to the soul-part, and be simply the housement of the spirit, refined, purified, etherialized, fit for the Master's use, as the "temple of God."

Towards such consummation the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together.

Hear the conclusion of this whole matter:

Pain begets experience;

Experience is the genesis of real life;

Life is preparation through which the soul is individualized.

Death conveys into enlarged psychical spheres of activity, from whence, after seasonable lessons, the spirit passes on into yet higher fields.

And thus ever on and on through progressive evolutionary stages towards heights intellectual and spiritual not imaginable by finite powers.

Aye, life with its griefs is a mystery, but afterwhiles, we will be

"Laughing to learn

Death was so friendly, and the toils of life

So fruitful for all living things; and pain,

Seed of all pleasure; and our worst of woes

So like the foolish anguish of the babe,

Whereat the mother, loving most, smiles most."

MODERN INDIA.

[CONCLUSION.]

BY A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

IV.

WHEN we consider the vast difference between the nature of the Oriental and the Western mind; when we stop to realize that the Hindu of to-day is the son of a race that traces its history and literature back to a hoary age, lost in the mist of tradition; when we learn to understand that his customs, his very life are the echo of a civilization that flourished when the ancestors of civilized Europe were as yet roaming over the plains, and America had not begun to play a part in the world's drama; when we begin to open our eyes to facts like these,—then I ask, ought we still to be surprised when we find modes of expression here which are vastly different from those we employ in Western lands? Would it not be vanity to think there is but one way to express thought and that is our way? Long before the printing press was launched into being, long even before the present mode of writing was introduced, people thought. And because they thought they wished to express their thoughts in concrete form, and they found means to do this. And again there are thoughts so lofty that language of grammar and syntax ceases to be sufficient to portray them. It is then that man has found a higher way to convey the truth. It is thus that the “idols” have found their origin. And after all it is but a tedious task to wade through books, and many a volume must be perused before even the simple facts of nature become clear.

The visitor to India beholds a sight that he calls ugly, and when he sees it he pities the “poor heathen” who believes in such a thing—the image of Kali. And certainly she is not fair to behold, this fierce goddess, black as night, with a necklace of skulls around her neck, her tongue protruding, a sickle in one hand, a bleeding human

head in the other, and her foot upon the prostrate form of her husband. And yet all this presents a mighty script, volumes made concrete to him who would read. For Kali the black, Kali the



KALI.

cruel represents nature in her lowest form. Earthquakes and cyclones; thunder and cloudbursts; famine, pestilence and death; the ravages of war; the horrors of brute creation in the field; the cruel-

ties of insect life and the still greater cruelties of the sea—these things and many others, are they pleasant to reflect upon? And yet is there one living who would deny their existence? Alas, no. It is these that have made the heart of many a scientist turn cold and caused him to declare that there is no creator behind so imperfect a universe. But the Hindu knows better. He has focussed in the image of Kali all the horrors of nature in her lower form and presents them to the mind with a force that is too strong for many. He also knows that human nature in its lower stages must be kept in check by fear. “Disregard the laws of nature and suffering will ensue; sin, and Kali—nature—will punish you.” This is the fundamental principle on which Kali-worship is built. But it does not end there. Kali, we read, feels ashamed when she realizes that she has her husband (higher nature) under foot, and she releases him. Thus from nature in her lowest form we turn to nature in her beauties and learn the lesson that suffering, intense though it be, can still last only for a time, and the mind, when ready to receive the higher teachings, will be sure to find them. The votaries of the Kali cult are still numerous, and as long as it still holds in check and inspires to worship millions of human beings, we must accept it as an institution that has not as yet outgrown its usefulness.

A much higher form of religious worship presents itself in the Durga *poojah* or Durga worship. Durga represents a higher aspect of divinity. She is the Loving Grace, and she has the warfaring elements under foot. To her right is Lakshmi, the goddess of beauty and fortune, and to her left Sarasvati, the goddess of music and poetry; to the left of Sarasvati, riding on a peacock, is Kartick, the beautiful son of Shiva; the most beloved son of Durga, Genesh, the elephant-headed, the god of wisdom, is to the right of Lakshmi. Durga is many-armed, this indicates her strength. She controls the lower forces, yet blesses ever, while the sword of justice does not leave her hand. In this group are united the symbols of the Saving Grace and its attributes: prosperity, wisdom, beauty, strength, and justice, and the subjugation of the lower elements.

The annual Durga festival takes place at the time of the autumnal equinox. For this occasion numerous images are prepared of wood and clay and taken to the houses of the worshipers. The figures in these groups are often more than life size. The festival lasts for about a week, and during these days the worshipers come and go from early morning till late at night, bringing their offerings of fruit, flowers, cooked food and clothes. At the end of the festival these gifts are partly distributed to the poor and partly given to the

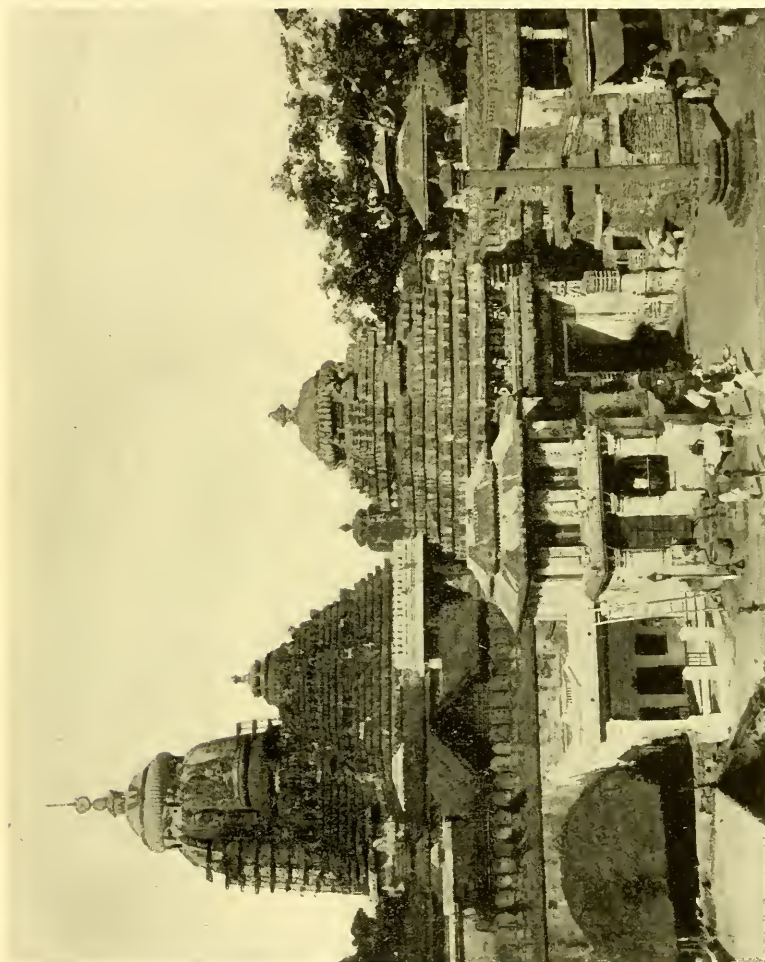
priests. The leaf of the Bael tree, which has the peculiarity that it grows in groups of three on one stem, is also offered, this as a symbol of the triple force or trinity. The ceremony is very impressive and not unlike some I have seen in the Catholic Church. The priest takes the different offerings and passes them before the goddess



DURGA.

from right to left, while cymbals beat profusely and incense fills the air. On the third day the ladies take part in the service, and this forms the closing ceremony. In groups of seven they walk around the image, each bearing one of nature's products over her

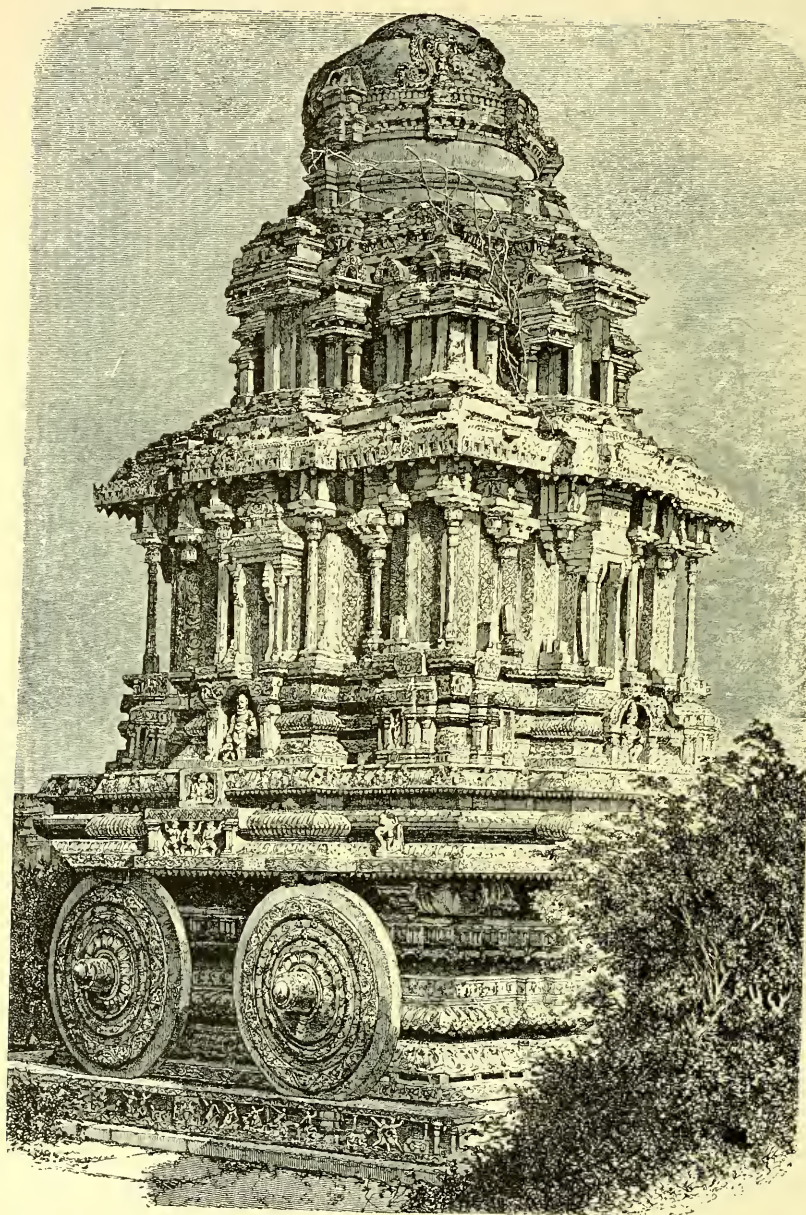
head—fruit, water, flowers, grain etc.—while leading the procession walks a priest sprinkling holy water on the ground. A charming picture it is, this last ceremony. With measured steps they walk, their robes flowing gracefully from their shoulders; jeweled hands drawing the veil over the face while dark eyes cast shy glances;



TEMPLE OF JAGANATH.

faces bending forward to whisper to a neighbor; the stern looking images the while throwing a feeling of awe over the scene.

This last rite ended, the image is carried to the river to be immersed in its waters, as an indication of the fact that when images have done their work then the devotee enters upon the silent stream that leads to the shoreless sea of peace.



CAR OF JAGANAT.

One of the most important religious holidays of the Hindus is the great festival of Jaganat, the Lord of the Universe, which takes place at the time of the summer solstice. Jaganat worship is gentle and pure. It forbids all self-immolation, and the stories of people throwing themselves under the wheel are exaggerated, for such acts would be in direct opposition to the teaching. But at the time when the huge wheel of Jaganat is moved along the street, enormous crowds gather around it and occasionally a death has occurred, which, however, upon investigation has invariably proven to be accidental. It is the occurrence of an occasional accident that has given



A TIBETAN GURU.

Behind the teacher (*guru*, or *pandit*) hangs a picture of the wheel of samsara which, according to Buddhist mythology, explains the concatenation of cause and effect, and portrays the several worlds in which living beings can be reborn. For further details see Carus, *History of the Devil*, p. 118.

rise to the horrible reports of suicide under the wheel of Jaganat. While in reality the spilling of a drop of blood bodes ill for the entire year and is considered a grave misfortune.

The religious festivals of the Hindus are numerous, too numerous indeed for all to be mentioned here. But all are the embodiment of a greater truth. Ritualistic performance is, however, not

the highest mode of worship in India, but only a stepping-stone as it were to the higher religious training, which latter is found at the feet of a learned Brahmin *pundit*, who instructs the *chela* in the philosophies and trains him in the different ways of meditation.

v.

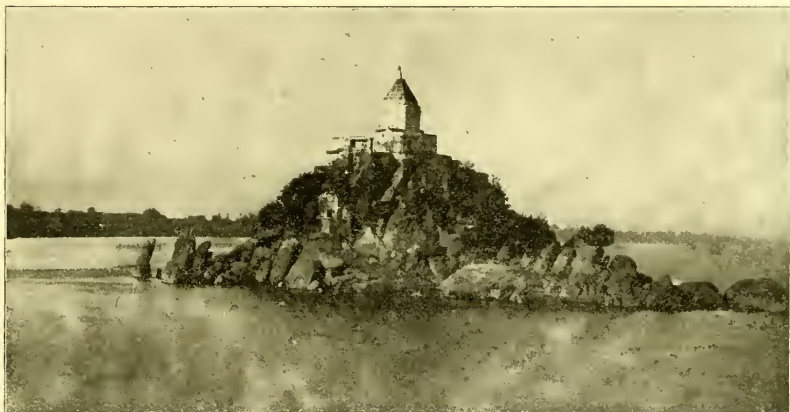
Entering the interior of the country, away from the smoke and the whistle of the engine, the traveler sees along the sandy roads miniature structures, only a few feet high; they are the wayside shrines, built by religious people in honor of some unseen force, either good or evil. Having been trained since all time to respond to the unseen forces of nature, the Hindu expresses his reverence for these in a thousand different ways. To him behind all matter there is life; to him every flower, every stone is the reflection of an invisible force. "Brahm is all, and existence is but a manifestation of Him." And these tiny altars with the marks of vermilion ever fresh upon them and offered flowers drying in the sun, these little shrines, the poetry of the sandy plain, are but the expression of his subtle mind. The pilgrim, as he passes on his way, stops here to lay a flower. A while at the altar of his deity he seeks repose and finds his shelter in the mother-soul of space of which all existence is to him but a faint echo. I have seen them on these sandy roads with their tiny wayside altars and see them now as I am writing, and once again I seem to travel to that monastery in the heart of Behar, a visit that I shall never forget.

I thought I was in one of the tales of the *Arabian Nights* as I entered the court of this spacious mansion. Elephants and camels leisurely feeding, oxen pulling carts of rice, turbaned servants busy with the work of unloading, standing up to their knees in the grain—all this met my view in that picturesque disorder so characteristic of the Orient. A long passage, a stone staircase, a walk over an open terrace, another passage, again a stone staircase—all this seemed strangely romantic, more like the tale of an enchanted castle than reality. The higher I mounted the purer became the atmosphere, till at last my guide halted on a broad and spacious terrace far above the abode of men.

I was presented to His Holiness, the head of the monastery, a stately Brahmin, who greeted me kindly. I looked at his frank face and saw beaming forth from under a yellow turban a pair of jet black eyes, keen yet friendly. A genial smile and a nod of the head inspired confidence, and I was invited to take my seat in an

armchair while he seated himself crosslegged on a couch, his attendants squatting on the carpet around him.

He enquired with great solicitude about my comfort and told me that during my stay at the resthouse I must consider myself his guest. He offered to secure for me any article of food I might desire, even though it be of a nature that a Hindu is not allowed to touch, explaining to me that as my host he was entirely at my service. I spoke with him a long time and he answered my many questions with cheerful readiness. While he spoke he smiled and geniality shone forth from his noble countenance. This is indeed what I have noticed in the men of India, whose lives are given to religion: however different their features might be, they all accom-



TEMPLE ON A ROCK IN THE GANGES.

Near Jangira Bhagalpur.

pany their speech by a smile soft and benign, and in this they all resemble one another.

Nor did he let me go without a blessing. A wreath of flowers, with which he himself adorned me, a spray of roses, these were the tokens of his welcome, accompanied by a benediction. And as I knelt before his august presence, I know I had not come in vain, for great souls always impart of their essence to those who approach them in humility.

The seat of Hindu orthodoxy is Benares, the quaintest, the most picturesque and most interesting city imaginable. About one hundred and twenty miles below the place where the Jumna mingles her waters with those of the sacred Ganges, lies this place, the holy

city of Kashi, the Shining, the most sacred spot in the whole land. "Jai, jai, Kashinat" (Hail, hail, O Lord of Kashi!) calls out the worshipful devotee, as the towers of the sacred city appear before his view, often throwing himself into the dust full length before he ventures to set his foot upon her holy ground. Aged people come here to spend their days in prayer and the performance of religious rites and the Ganges, ever sacred, multiplies here her saving power.

How old this place is no one knows. In authentic history there is no record of its birth, and many are the legends that come floating on the hazy mist of tradition about old, old, happy days in



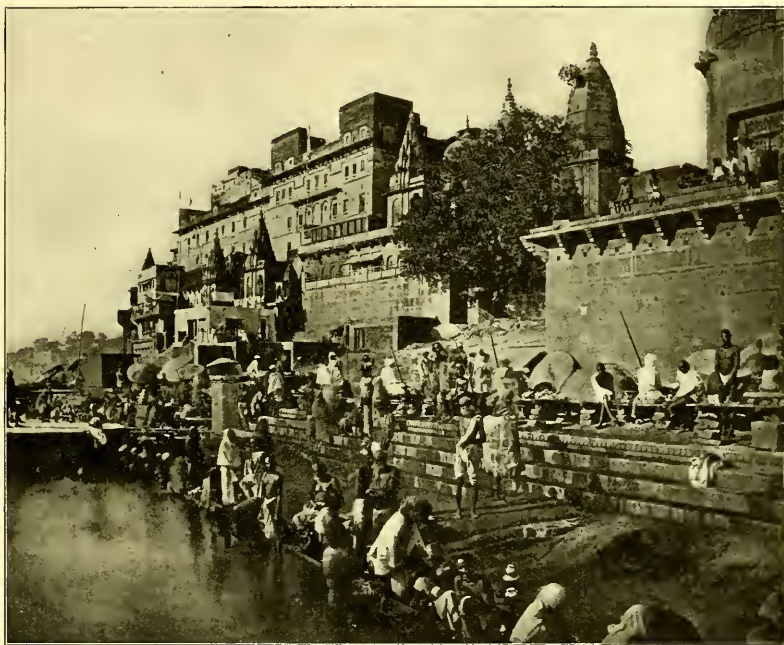
SHIVA SLAYING A DEMON.

kalpas long past, when the city was built of pure gold. It existed long before the "great flood" and to save it from destruction Shiva took it upon his trident and lifted it far above the waters. I asked for an explanation of this strange tale, and the following is what I learned:

While this universe was evolving it underwent many changes and passed through many different stages, and this earth of ours was covered by water prior to its present solid condition. This gradually receded leaving the surface exposed, and it was at this

spot, where now is Benares, that the first dry land appeared. The great threefold force, creation, preservation, and destruction—was made manifest here before any other part of the earth's surface appeared above the water—thus being lifted by the trident—the sacred trinity—above the flood. It is further recorded that primordial man first walked the earth here. The great object of the creative force of the universe being to evolve man, that object was finally accomplished, and it is in honor of this final triumph that the Hindu holds sacred the place of its achievement.

A boatride on the river in the early morning hours affords a

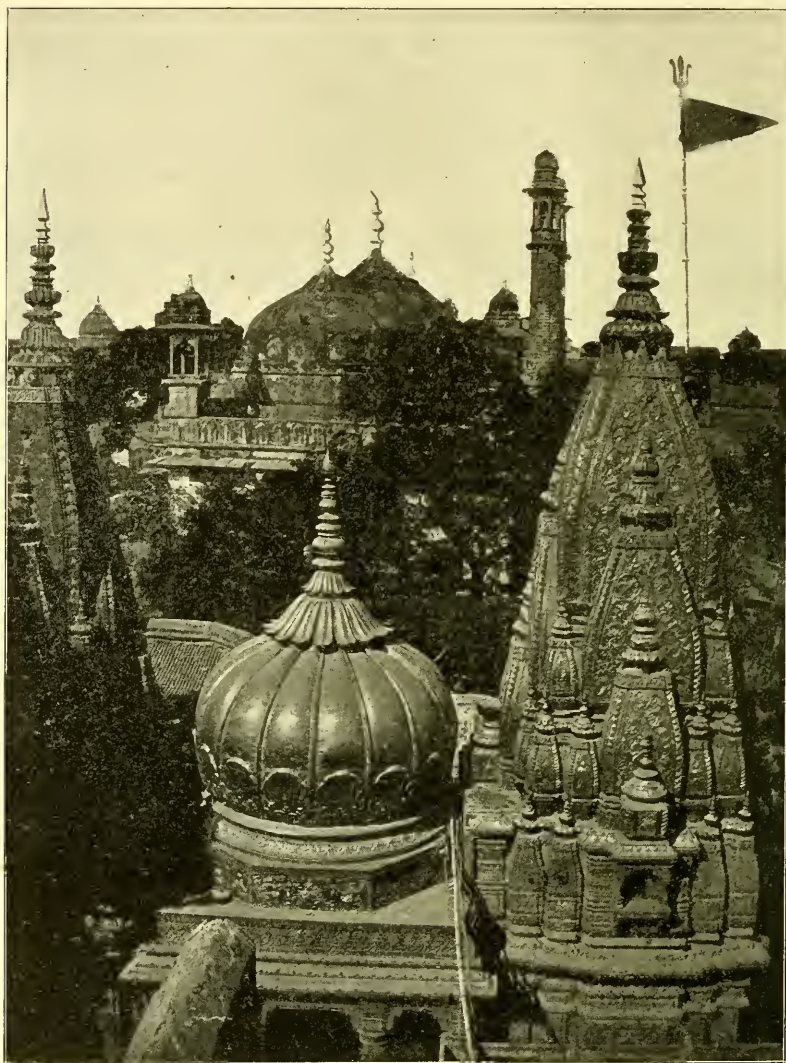


BATHING GHATS OF BENARES.

striking panorama. For miles along the river bank massive stone steps lead down into the water and are interspersed here and there by large platforms on which are picturesque shrines and bathing houses. On them one sees daily throughout the changing seasons crowds of men and women of all castes who meet here on common ground to share alike the rights that their religion affords them. At the time of an eclipse the desire to plunge into the cleansing flood is strongest, and the crowd on the steps by the river most numerous. It is at that time that the magnetic currents of the atmosphere are

disturbed by the influence of astronomical conditions, hence the greater endeavor for worship at this moment.

While in the water the bathers daily perform religious rites.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF BENARES.

Some repeat *mantras*, others lift their triple cord and turn towards the sun in order to worship the creator through the medium of this

glorious work of his hand. Under large straw umbrellas Brahmin priests perform rites after ablution in the river, and around them gather the worshipers to listen to their discourse.

And they who die in holy Kashi, they too are taken to the water's edge, carried thither on a bier and wrapped in a thin white sheet. Once more they are lowered for a last embrace in the "sacred mother's" cooling waves, before they find their last resting-place upon the pyre, and the nearest relative lights the flame that consumes all that is mortal of man. The ashes are entrusted to the stream after the remains are destroyed by fire.

There are many temples in Benares, and they are ever crowded by worshipers, men and women alike. The foreigner is admitted as far as the door that leads into the sanctum sanctorum, but further he may not advance, for the right to enter the innermost shrine is vouchsafed only to those who can claim that privilege by right of birth. Fifteen hundred temples, it is said, does Benares hold, and this number does not include the smaller shrines and those on the terraces of many private houses. They were destroyed at times, these temples at Kashi, when the Mogul held sway over the land, but only to be rebuilt with greater vigor.

The Golden Temple is the most conspicuous owing to the magnificence of its domes which are covered with metal and overlaid with goldleaf, and glisten like burnished gold when the sun shines on their polished surface.

Annapura is a temple dedicated to Durga. Here are kept sacred bulls and cows, fed daily by the worshipers. The cow is sacred to the Hindus because of the blessings she bestows on man; she, they say, is the symbol of motherhood, for on her bounty live old and young alike.

In the temple of Hanuman monkeys are kept sacred, in memory of the great sage by that name who came to earth in the form of a monkey in order to help Ramshandra, as stated in the Ramayana.

Kashi is dedicated to Shiva, the power beyond all form, which however is worshiped in the *lingam* form. The religious force in this place is very strong, and the devotee who places a flower on a shrine or sprinkles holy water over an image, does so only in reverence to the One Life above, to attain which all Hindus aspire. Here, too, live many sages, men whose entire life is devoted to religion. They spend their time in silent contemplation on the Divine, and some there are who never speak. Yet they send out an influence pure and strong, and the world is the better because they live. Others teach the sacred scriptures and in return for this

ask naught but a meal a day and a mat just large enough for their form to rest on at night. Any offer beyond that they refuse with a calm smile. The almighty dollar has no power over them, and the great philosophy of figures to them has a higher value than that of pounds, shillings, and pence. These are men who live the religious life in all its grandeur, in all its purity, and for their sanctity their worshipful followers are ever ready to do them homage.

There are others who try to subdue the senses by self torture; one sees them sitting on a bed of spikes or wearing sandals with soles of spikes. Others again hold an arm in the air until it has become paralyzed in that position, and the nails of the fingers have grown into the flesh of the closed hand. They do not think to gain



SHIVA AND HIS CONSORT PARVATI.

salvation by these means; their object is merely to gain control over the senses.

The streets of Benares are very narrow, so narrow in fact that in many of them no vehicle of any kind can pass; and they form such a complicated network that one imagines oneself to be in a maze; down steps and up again they wind,—between houses often from five to seven stories high, built so that the upper stories project over the lower until the pedestrian looking up sees only a small streak of blue overhead.

I have seen this quaint place when it was illuminated on the

night of a religious festival. Little oil lamps—wicks in tiny earthen bowls—were placed in untold numbers on the housetops, at the windows and above all on the countless steps by the river, until the silent Ganges was aglow with a million lights, which gave the whole the appearance of a fairy palace, and I have never seen a sight more charming.

The Mussulman too has erected here monuments in honor of his faith, the finest of which is the mosque built by Arungzeb, and which is noted for the exquisite beauty of its roof with its many domes and minarets, the two most prominent of which stretch their lofty pinnacles to a height of one hundred and forty-seven feet from the roof. It is from the top of these that one receives the finest view over the city and surrounding country. The followers of the Moslem offer no flowers and have no images. They prostrate themselves in silence before the Deity or stand with hands folded repeating prayers.

Benares is noted for its brass manufactures, the metal used for this purpose not being pure brass, however, but an alloy of six different metals and has a reddish golden tinge. It is worked into exquisite designs of vases and other ornaments, which bear the stamp of fine workmanship.

The famous gold embroidered silks that are exported from this place are woven at hand looms, and it seems almost like the irony of fate to see poor, half fed, half naked men, not able to cover their own bodies, produce garments delicate almost as a spider's web; for, as is well known, from the looms of Benares go forth the finest silks in the world.

Europeans are seldom seen in old Benares and excite much curiosity. I have seen little children run off screaming at beholding me and even the big buffaloes stop their slow walk and turn their big heads as if suspecting a danger signal.

Meanwhile this silent aged city dreams away, heedless alike of foreign dominion and the bustle of factory life; calmly she rules, this queen for whom time exists not, holding unopposed sway over the hearts of the millions of Ind.

VI.

Caste in India is a social organization, but it has its root in religion. In fact, the whole national life of India is religious in its principle and all its institutions are based on religion. The early classification consisted of four great divisions, these were the Brah-

mins ,the Kshatriyas, the Vaisyas, and the Sudras. The first three of these are Aryan, the last is non-Aryan. The members of this last caste are denied the sacred thread, and originally had no access to the sacred literature. But the secular education that has of late years been introduced, has placed the Sudras in a position to be no longer exempted from approaching the sacred books; they are not now debarred from reading any part of them. Among the Sudras there are at present men of great learning and wealth, and many of them have Brahmins in their employ.

The original caste divisions are subdivided into many hundred sections, and the members of one of these may not intermarry nor eat food with one another. In the matter of food the people do indeed take extraordinary precautions. A Hindu will not touch food which is cooked by one inferior to himself in caste. He understands the magnetic vibrations that emanate from a person. These, he argues, are being imparted into the food, while being prepared, and transmitted to the partaker while eating. And in order to live a purely spiritual life he must keep the body in harmony with the higher forces of his being.

The numerous subdivisions of caste have done much to break up the national unity of the people, and many thinking men now advocate the intermarriage and joint partaking of food on the part of the members of one caste, independent of its subdivisions, as one means of procuring a stronger national unit. The caste is often subject to internal changes, as is proven by the new subcastes that are ever springing up, but it has withstood all pressure from without through many centuries. At present, however, its rigidity seems to be waning. The rules observed nowadays apply mainly to the questions of food and marriage. Yet, while it may seem strange to the Western mind that one Hindu will not sit down to eat with another, it is equally incomprehensible to him that Western people should often live for years without knowing their next-door neighbors. The Hindus are of a very sociable nature, and members of different castes visit one another freely and often are warm friends.

Nor are the different professions at the present day limited to the members of certain castes as they once were. As is well known, the Brahmins were the philosophers, the Kshatriyas the military men, the Vaisyas the merchants, and the Sudras the serfs. But now there is confusion of occupations. While there are as yet many Brahmins who would rather starve and assign their wives and children to the same fate, than stoop to a profession lower than originally intended for them, there are others who make a livelihood as

traders, porters, clerks, etc. The same rule prevails among other castes.

The minor caste divisions are in many cases trade guilds. These are built largely on the same principle as the Western trade unions, and attend to the regulation of wages and the general interest of their members, but they further exercise a strong influence over their moral conduct, caste members being usually under the strict surveillance of the authorities. A well-behaved caste member always receives his due reward, but ill conduct leads towards excommunication. The punishment then inflicted is very severe; none of his old caste fellows will take food with an outcaste, and the penalty is not infrequently carried to the extent of forbidding him the use of a spiritual adviser, or even the village washerman and barber. He thus finds himself entirely boycotted, and his lot is a miserable one. These are, however, extreme measures and are not resorted to until a man has proven to be a really bad man, and even then he is not without hope, for his conduct can be retrieved by expiations more or less severe in proportion to his offence.

Family life in India is still based on the old patriarchal system; every family is a small government in itself. The eldest male member is the head of the household, seeing to the wants and the moral and educational training of its members, and receiving undisputed obedience and service in return. When a youth marries he takes his bride to his parental home, and she is there installed as one of its members. It is the family of the husband that takes care of the widow when he dies, and the tie that binds kin to kin is stronger than one can realize before having seen its working. One of the results of this is that in India there is no poor-law; the caste and the family see to the helpless and the destitute. This makes the obligations of a householder often enormous, but the rule holds good throughout.

What will be the final outcome of caste is hard to foresee. There are among the Hindus those who venture to predict that in another century there will be practically no caste remaining; there are others who maintain that the salvation of the country lies in bringing back the original arrangement to four divisions. The Hindus are by nature an aristocratic race and there will certainly always be marked divisions between the higher and lower classes of society, but the indications now are that the dividing line will grow less rigid as time goes on.

One thing is certain, that unless young India learns to understand the value and dignity of manual labor, the country cannot

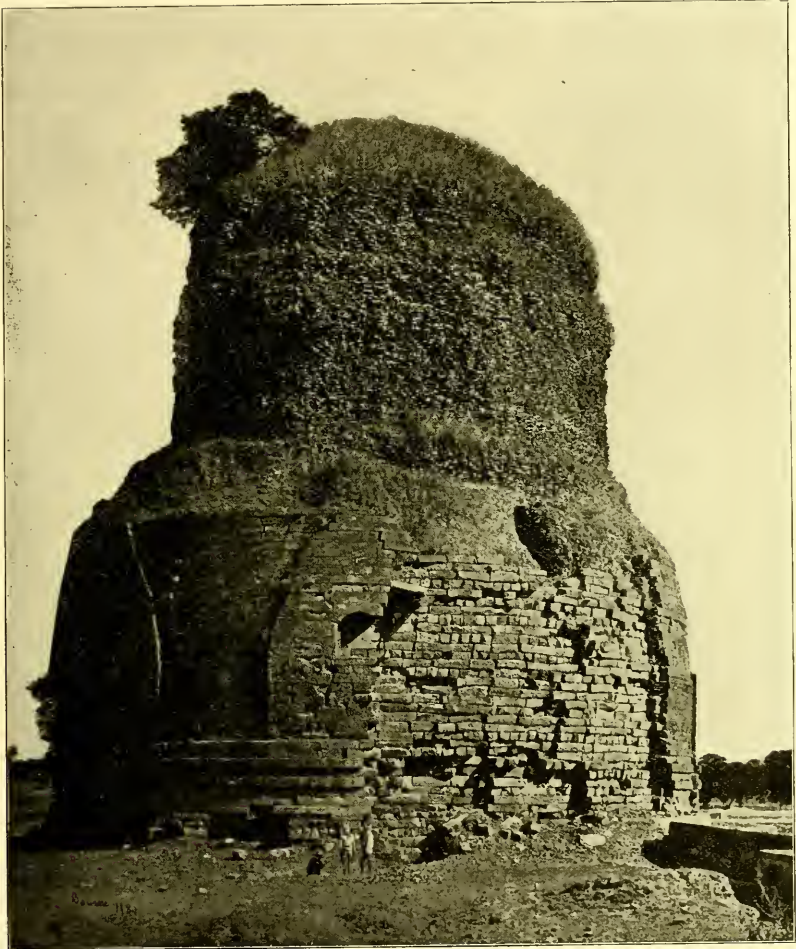
advance. The education they receive at the Government colleges may entitle them to a B. A. and an M. A. degree, but they are turned out from these places of learning entirely unfit to cope with the life they must encounter, and there is many a college graduate who is glad to earn his fifteen to twenty rupees a month. This small sum has in many cases to support large families, which, alas, only too often causes these people to fall prey to the money-lenders. And it is these money-lenders who are a great curse to the people. Charging ten and twelve per cent. a month with a serene conscience, they frequently keep whole families in bondage for generations, and it is as a rule the poor agriculturist who suffers from them most. Nor will they cease their work until the Government sees fit to put down their methods and establish other means for the people to raise their loans. But, alas, the Government does not encourage unity, for in that lies strength, and two hundred million people united might become unruly.

So poor India suffers on; suffers for the sins which her forefathers might or might not have committed long centuries ago, with every prospect that their children will continue to do so for generations yet to come. The poor laborer of the fields receives three or four rupees a month, which does not begin to be sufficient to supply him and his family with food. Many have no houses, not even a mud hut, which is in all cases the highest abode to which they may aspire. Some are the happy possessors of a pair of straw screens, about three or four feet long. These they place together in a triangular form and find their nightly shelter there, for a part of their bodies at least.

The handicrafts are at a low ebb and the industries are depleted. The Hindus, being of a metaphysical nature, have not as yet adjusted themselves to the mercantile spirit of modern times. Taking advantage of this, the Englishman takes the raw materials of the country to Lancashire, where factories thrive and merchants become daily wealthier on the very lifeblood of poor India. Fortunately the present generation are opening their eyes to their shortcoming; they are beginning to send their sons abroad to study the methods of commerce and agriculture to introduce these eventually into their own country, and this is one of the greatest needs of the times.

Thus then do we see the Hindus, the product of a great and ancient civilization: subdued by a material force, inferior to their rulers only in the art of modern warfare and trade; highly metaphysical and of strong spirituality; of high learning in philosophy; superior linguists and literary men; of fine oratorical powers; artists

who are not satisfied with the copying of scenes and forms in nature, but express in their work great spiritual truths; a race the very essence of whose being is spiritual, whose thoughts, literature, art, and institutions all have their root deep down in religion, on the whole advanced to a high state in all but matters material.



THE STUPA AT SARNATH.

A few miles from the city of Benares is Sarnath, the place known as the Deerpark in Buddhist history. It was here that Gautama, the Buddha, the ninth of India's Avatars delivered his first sermon after having attained to enlightenment. To-day a large *stupa* marks

the spot, erected by Asoka during his reign. This, however, is partly in ruins. The building represents a solid dome, ninety-three feet in diameter at the base and hundred and twenty-eight feet high. It still bears the signs of fine workmanship. Like all the monuments of Asoka's time it is a very solid structure.

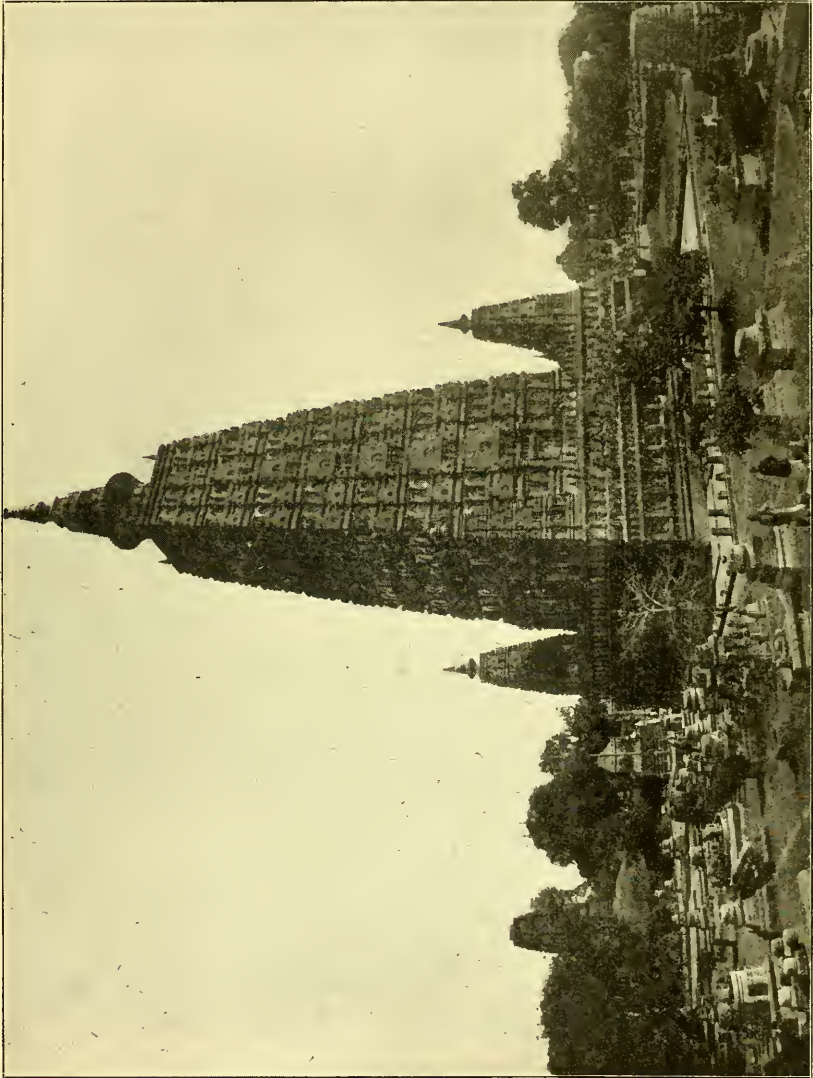
To the west of this *stupa* a few lines of brick, outlining the foundations of buildings, seem like a sad and silent voice from the past. Once stately monasteries graced this place, and yellow-robed monks lived in these halls of learning, while Sarnath was a center of activity. But the conqueror came and with the besom of destruction swept the buildings to the ground, consuming in one conflagration monasteries, hospitals, monks, manuscripts and all. This was what archæologists discovered centuries later when they found among the ashes huge masses of bones, iron, wood, and stone.

Does the voice of the great Teacher speak more plainly anywhere than here? Was it not the keynote of his lore that all which comes into existence must fade? And is it not a strange coincidence that at the very place, where he spoke his first words of enlightenment, the essence of his teachings should be portrayed so forcibly? "These buildings were the work of man," say the crumbling stones, barely visible above the ground, "and their fate is the common fate of all existence," and the demolished stone carvings of the half-ruined *stupa* re-echo this truth.

There is another place dear to all Buddhists, a place less sad, where the heart feels still the hope of life. This is the spot where Gautama meditated in the memorable night when he exhausted all causes and soared to the realm of silence and non-being. A mighty temple marks the spot where sat the silent sage, the work of Asoka again, the Constantine of the Buddhist era. This is the Mekka of all the followers of the Dharma, for to Buddha-Gaya they flock from all parts of Asia. From the banks of the Hoangho, from the Land of the Rising Sun, from hidden Tibet beyond the Himalayas, from the Lion Isle of Lanka, and above all from the land of the Pagôdas—fair Burma—come the followers of the faith, pilgrims of many days, to worship under the branches of this tree, to lay an offering at the feet of the image of the Buddha within the temple. Here I have seen them sitting silently for hours under the Bo-tree—erect and motionless, lost in contemplation on the virtues of the great Teacher and the path he preached for his followers.

Before closing let me say a word about the stately mountain range which is the pride of all true Hindus,—the lofty Himalayas, of which tradition says that its chain is unbroken and which gives

to the world the grandest scenery. Here stretch fields unmeasured, clad in perennial snows, snows which when kissed by the early sun reflect tinges manifold, and are bathed in an ocean of scarlet when



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA-GAYA.

the evening sky reflects its glory upon them. I have seen this snowy grandeur at noontime, when the azure sky stretched a spotless dome above, and the mountains below were clad in a hazy blue. It

was then that the whole seemed suspended in space, floating in the ether as it were; the brooding soul of eternity hovering over the world below. It sends out strong magnetic currents, this snow-clad mountain crest, and the Himalayas abound with a thousand tales,



A BHUTEAN FAMILY.

told from grandsire to sons and sung by the Bhutea mother over her crooning babe.

The native people who live here are mountain tribes, the most

numerous of whom are the Bhuteas who hail from Bhutan. A hardy race they are, men, women, and children alike, and frugal and hard working. A Bhutea woman can carry as high as three



A LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID.

hundred pounds on her back, and little boys and girls carry rocks for housebuilding enormous in size.

Buddhism of the Northern Canon is the religion of these people. There are several Buddhist temples in these districts where Tibetan

Lamas officiate, as in fact visitors from Tibet are numerous in this part of India.

A visit to a Bhutea village is most interesting, and I went there upon the invitation of one of the prominent members of the Bhutea community. I shall never forget this morning and that strange walk up hill and down, over quaint bridges and still quainter rock-hewn steps, wondering all the while whether I was walking three thousand years back in the wheel of time or into the heart of a land as yet unknown to the world, until we halted before the quaintest little cottage imaginable. And a strange gathering there was at the



A BHUTEA TEA PARTY.

house of this Bhutea host: a Japanese priest just returned from Lhasa; a Doctor of Philosophy from Russia; three high caste Bengalee gentlemen; two Bhuteas, and myself; while the lady of the house, a Himalayan mountain maid pure and simple, graced the meeting with her presence and attended with quiet dignity to her duties as hostess.

Thus have I seen it, this ancient land, and thus do I give it to the world. Whether I have idealized too much I know not. That these people are without their faults, that their institutions are perfect and need no reform; that the national life is what it should be—all this I do not for a minute assert. I only say in all this crying for

reform, in all this modernizing let them beware lest they lose the spiritual force that animates them. They hold within them all that can make a nation great; advance with the times they must, but in so doing let them retain their originality and be Hindus still.

To me India is the land of romance, the land of high ideals. A silence deep and wondrous; ancient temples, deserted buildings; an innate sense of poetry, art, and beauty of her people, to which they give expression in stately forms, grace of movement and picturesque groupings; souls seeking their own beyond the realm of matter;—and over it all the shadows and the whispers of a hoary past—this is the India that I have seen, this is what has appealed to me, and this I have tried to portray. Not the India of the tourist of a few short months; not the India of the merchant who seeks to fill his coffers at the expense of the much abused native; nor yet the India of him who would rob her of her ideals and implant his own instead: but the India that is found by silent hours spent at a ruined building; by the contemplation of a shrine; by listening to the sound of the silver anklet on the floor; by watching the deep, the fathomless silence of her sacred rivers, where the law of her teachings becomes concrete fact; the India that dwells in the heart of every true son of the soil and to uphold which her daughters have labored and suffered;—that is the true India, the “land of lands,” the India that has lived and will live evermore.

THE VIRTUE OF PAIN.

BY A. P. H.

BUT for the restraining influence of timely pain, bodily and mental, the vast majority of mankind would be irredeemable criminals.

Pain is nature's moral deterrent, and in its adaptation to the exact requirements of individual character and environment, the wise omniscience of a merciful Providence is apparent. The sharp rebuke necessary to pull up the robust, energetic youth, manifested in some dire, painful accident, would be wanton cruelty in the man of culture or years, and his more refined moral medicine of neuralgia, or dyspepsia, would not serve to stem the vicious torrent of the hardened ruffian; the prostrating bed of lingering sickness must be his cure. And the adequacy of the punishments is largely derived from the compatibility of the environment and vocation of each being.

The power of pain does not extend to the creation of saints, but it is indispensable to the consolidation of inherent character.

In a world of moral perfection, healthy buoyancy would be more an essential complement to, than a natural result of, that perfection; and in the harmonious cohesion of these two powers, would exist an invulnerable safeguard against any corrupt suggestion, or impulse. The moral laws complied with can exact from nature no penalties, and not till nature's appeal has been set aside, does Providence intervene; but a slip, a falling away from the ideal, and the sinking weight of evil at once forces upward a compensating, moral balance. For between pain resultant on a disregard of the natural or hygienic laws, and what might be termed providential pain, a subtle difference exists, apart from the source of each; a difference of intention, of application, of degree; the one, the consequence of an act and the other, prevention of it. The extent and power of the former is fixed and unalterable, and must work until the physical

balance is restored; but the latter is of divine purpose, and acts in varying degree, to secure with the minimum of force the necessary result, and then, as circumstances require, to at once disappear, or be indefinitely prolonged. Scientists may say that all pain is the retributive exaction of outraged nature; but no being is primarily responsible for all the pain he suffers. He is powerless to prevent the inherited pain; the sudden, accidental pain; the pain derived from some unseen, gripping infection; and, disclosing most the hand of Providence, the mental pain of acute affliction. The headache and general lethargy, which, on waking, warn the dissipated individual of the result of his previous night's infringement of the laws of moderation, and the inherited, constitutional headache or neuralgia of the physically anaemic, but morally obedient (because so constrained) act to the same end; both demonstrate clearly the need for quiet restraint and care. Thus does nature go hand in hand with Providence in its education of character.

Moral perfection in mankind is nearest approached by the being, who, physically infirm beyond cure at birth, struggles through a pain-wracked life to an early death. "Whom the gods love die young." Perhaps the underlying reason why persons who suffer much from bad health and constant pain, have no great dread of death, lies in the fact that in the clearness of their consciences they feel unconsciously morally prepared by pain for anything the Unknown may offer. Those with the greatest dread of death are those of most vigorous health. The greatest criminals have almost all been men of robust, even brutal health.

Though the mental tendency of humanity may be towards morality, it is a tendency wholly unsubstantial, imaginative, and without definite known compensation. And in the absence in these days of any great, purifying mind incentives, it must virtually exist on itself; and the absorbing, necessitous struggle for bodily existence in an intensely practical world, robs this soul-flame of its vital heat—and then one power only, can, with tempered breeze, keep alive the fire. For the animal propensity is at least stronger in its reality, its appeal to physical desire, with the known fact of tangible result and satisfaction. In animals from intuitive necessity, and in humanity, less from that reason than from imaginative desire born of idleness, it is a mighty cumulative force needing an exactly neutralizing, disciplinary force. For animals the prompt and severe code of nature suffices for its own ends, with the supreme final check of destruction. Self-preservation in them induces obedience. But for the reasoning, thinking man, a merciful Providence threatens

no dread annihilation for the non-observance of His laws, but appeals with lesser, fitting punishment, harmoniously applied. And in the mere sufficiency of this preventive punishment, we have abundant evidence of the perfectly balanced justice of Providence. Our physical pains and mental sorrows are precisely attuned to the needs of our moral character. Such as the latter is, it could not be stable, it could not progress (and in that event it must, of course, retrogress) without this exquisitely dovetailing, protective guidance.

Since the special food of the material inclination, then, is imaginative desire born of idleness, we have thus the paramount necessity for the first great moral armor of man, namely, work. But though continuous hard work or thinking is a natural safeguard of good, it is not always enough. The requirements of strenuous wage-earning leave little energy for vicious degeneracy; but a time of reaction creeps in, when, from prolonged undermining effort, the structure of character quivers, and seeks to right itself in other grooves. Then pain (but the mere minimum) alone can cement the foundation, and add stability. Man can work in moderate pain because he must, his physical nature is adapted to it; but his energy, sapped by that force, leaves him proof against the demands of passion, even where inclination exists. And when sharp sorrow has numbed the imagination, the starvation of the animal instinct following, must tend to solidify the moral.

Bodily pain adapted in degree to the individual is a deterrent of universal efficacy, and because of its special influence over man's stronger element, is superior to the restraint imposed by mental grief. The former appeals with equal physical force to all; the limited power of the latter—within the confines, to go beyond which may produce insanity—does not admit of adaptation to temperament, and therefore can never affect equally the individual of stolid, unemotional character, with the introspective, sensitive individual of active imagination. Thus the latter would be steadied and chastened by a great loss, which would perhaps have the opposite effect of plunging the former into headlong, vicious indulgence, only ended by the natural results of such conduct. Bodily pain stuns at once, and the peevishness or ill-temper which it engenders are mere bubbles on the surface of the ocean in whose bosom flows unmoved the steady current of character. Bound to his bed by the chains of wasting strength, acute sickness, or any physical defection, the most confirmed criminal must perforce awhile, must for the nonce be immune from vice, and give his disorganized, moral faculties time to recuperate, and weld the better elements of such char-

acter as he possesses. So that, as is probable, should the man again pursue a corrupt existence, the effects of chastening pain must prevent his overstepping the mark, must limit in extent his vicious propensity to the normal resisting strength of his character. It is only a matter of degree and external surroundings as to how far our immoral appetites can lead us, before being met and upset by the arresting limit. Every being, when in a lowered moral condition he has been slowly drifting down stream into the whirlpool of passion, must have many times been met and guided by the friendly current of pain in safety to the calm waters of submissive quietude.

How many of the worst criminals after a severe accident, necessitated, of course, by equally severe vice, have risen from their sick-beds morally new men. In their cases the checking power has been exerted at a crisis, and its strength, urged by necessity, has effected a revolution.

The timely grip of the lesser aches, mental worries, and disappointments, has a divine, corrective significance, that in our weakness and want of observation we neither see nor appreciate. But if with trusting insight we could only gratefully perceive the great truth of the divine virtue, and, in our frailty, the necessity of pain to our moral well-being, it should be our earnest endeavor to bear it with subdued fortitude, and instead of wasting our energies in useless repining and complaint, seek for the great need, which gave it timely birth, and suffered dissolution at its inception.

So, with the philosophic education of enlightened and discerning introspection, might we in time come to pray for pain.

FORMULA FOR THE RISEN BODY OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WM. FROST BISHOP, PH. D., D. D.

HALF the trouble with the Rev. Joseph C. Allen in his thoughtful article upon "The Resurrection of Jesus" in the April number of *The Open Court* is an oversight. He has for the time lost sight of what may be called the Formula for the Risen Body of Jesus Christ. That formula may be sufficiently indicated as follows:

What was natural to Him before His resurrection is now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural.

To partake of food before the resurrection was natural to him, but after it the taking of food was miraculous. Before the resurrection his body was naturally visible, but after it his body was naturally invisible. On several occasions during his ministry the body of our Lord became invisible. Notably so at Nazareth, when he escaped violence by becoming miraculously invisible and so escaping from the midst of his enemies. After his resurrection from the grave his body was naturally invisible to mortal eyes, but it became miraculously visible on several occasions, usually called "manifestations" during the forty days between his resurrection and ascension. While in the natural body Christ manifested his spirit through the body, but afterwards in the spiritual body he manifested his body through the spirit. What was natural to him before is now miraculous; and what was before miraculous is now natural.

So also of bodily fatigue and of sleep. His sitting down at the well of Jacob through exhaustion before his resurrection was natural. But after his resurrection fatigue would have been miraculous. His deep sleep on the Sea of Galilee in the little bark was natural at the time. But after the resurrection sleep would have been miraculous. So, too, of the tears of sorrow shed at the grave of

Lazarus. They were natural to him while in the flesh. But after his resurrection tears would have been miracles indeed.

Before his resurrection the natural way of entering into a room was through the door. After the resurrection he entered, "the doors being shut." It would have been miraculous, indeed, had an open door been needed for the Risen Body. That body was bound by no ties of space. Before the resurrection he rebuked the Tempter who bade him cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, but after it he moves as one free from the restraints of earth.

In fact, the mystery of the Risen Body of our Lord was not obscurely implied by the manner of his resurrection. For the sepulchre was already empty when the great stone was rolled away from its entrance. The stone was rolled away by the angel, not that he *might* come forth, but because he *had already* come forth. The appearance of the angel and the removal of the stone were to announce what had already taken place, and to demonstrate its reality. True, the exact moment when the Lord issued from the tomb is left undefined. But all the church fathers with scarcely an exception held the belief that the resurrection was already accomplished when the angel descended and rolled away the stone. A close reading of the evangelists will support this view. Christ Jesus needed not the angel's aid. He himself burst the bars of death and triumphed over the grave.

The resurrection brought about a change of attitude in Christ. Before it he refused the kingdom of the world which was offered to him by Satan, but after it he bids his ministers proclaim his sovereignty over all the nations. He journeyed with his disciples along the weary way while in the flesh, but not afterwards. In the Risen Body he appointed places of meeting, but he did not journey with his disciples as before. There was now a mysterious awe about his person.

Our contention is that the Risen Body of Jesus Christ revealed to the world a new state of human existence for the body of man. It was strictly a revelation—an unveiling of what before was not known and could not be known. Such a resurrection had never occurred before in the history of the world. Because the Risen Body of Christ, while the same as before his death, was changed. That body, while wholly the same, is now wholly different. This is the point that many miss. When Lazarus rose from the grave, his body was just what it had been before death. It was the same, but without change. On the other hand, the resurrection body, while the same, must be wholly different.

But, men will say, how can a human body be wholly the same and yet wholly changed? A hint of this paradox of change and identity is given in the transformation of insects. The caterpillar bursts the bonds of its silken shroud and enters upon a new mode of existence. The groveling worm becomes a winged insect, glorious in the golden sunlight. It is beyond all doubt the same creature, but now wholly transfigured and transformed.

The typical resurrection body was the Risen Body of Jesus Christ—wholly the same as before death and yet wholly different. It was for this reason totally unlike any previous rising from the grave. We see in the Risen Christ the change which would have passed over the bodies of Adam and Eve, if they had never sinned. We see in the Risen Christ the change which will pass over the bodies of the saints who will be living on the earth when Christ comes back to earth, who are not to die but who shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye. We see in the Risen Christ the change which passed over the bodies of Enoch and Elijah when they were translated—because flesh and blood, or the human body as now constituted, cannot exist in the unseen world. It is not adapted to the new conditions of that existence. We see in the Risen Christ the change which *did not* pass over the body of Lazarus of Bethany, when Christ called him forth. He was the same after his resurrection as before it: the same but unchanged: hence he died again. The natural body, if raised as a natural body, must die again. For *flesh and blood* cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. But the natural body, if raised as a spiritual body, cannot die again. For *flesh and bones* can inherit the kingdom of heaven. It is noteworthy that our Lord changed the common phrase “flesh and blood,” common in scriptural speech, to “flesh and bones.” The natural body has the former, the spiritual body the latter.

The typical resurrection body, which shall be our own at the last day as we are distinctly told, was unknown and unknowable, till Jesus Christ rose from the dead. For the typical resurrection body, while wholly the same, must needs be also wholly different. Hence it is claimed and truly claimed, that “Christ is become the first fruits of them that slept.” The Old Testament resurrections were not typical. Such persons were restored to life unchanged and just as they had been before death. But of the typical resurrection it is written: “Sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. . . . Sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.” Till the resurrection of Christ, no natural body had ever been raised as a spiritual body, but the natural body was raised again as a natural

body, and as such again must go back to death. Because the bodies of Enoch and Elijah had never slept in the grave, the spiritual bodies given them at their translation do not invalidate the statement as to Christ being "the first fruits," for it is added, "*the first-fruits of them that slept.*" The Scriptures are marvelously consistent and inerrable.

Modern seances are discredited by our formula, and messages from the dead, because the manifestations of the persons are in all respects identical with what they were in life. But the Risen Body of Jesus Christ, while wholly the same, when risen from the dead, was wholly changed. What was natural to him before is now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural.

The key that fits the wards of the lock is the right key, and we commend respectfully the thought of this meditation to our brother, though a stranger to me, the Rev. Joseph C. Allen.

THE RESURRECTION, A HYPER - HISTORICAL FACT.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Rev. Dr. William Frost Bishop's criticism of the article on the Resurrection by Mr. Allen, a brother clergyman, is to me a renewed evidence of the change in our philosophical world-conception which has set in among the progressive portion of mankind. Young men who have attended universities and have there become acquainted with other religions; who have had the opportunity of comparing their own thoughts with those of others; and who, above all, have had a thorough training in science (especially the natural sciences, physics, biology, psychology, zoology, etc.) can no longer accept uncritically the traditions of religion. They have acquired a knowledge of cosmic laws; they are familiar with the evidences of evolution; they know how religion develops; they are incapable of accepting any statement of miraculous events without an inclination to doubt and to investigate; and a mind trained in this modern mode of thinking will naturally modify the Christian faith as it has been handed down to him from parents and grandparents.

There is only one resource left for the old orthodoxy, and that is a reverently resigned agnosticism which is but very poor comfort indeed. Any attempt at explanations merely reveals the untenableness of the traditional view; and it is dangerous to enter into details, for it will be difficult to make the physiology of the risen body appear sufficiently attractive to render its immortality desirable.

Naturally enough there are still many people left who have remained untouched by the negativism of the *Zeitgeist*, and, sometimes not without great effort, have succeeded in resisting the inroads made by higher criticism and other influences injurious to implicit confidence in their religious doctrines. Dr. Bishop is one of these;

and we are glad to let him state his position on the resurrection which will come more and more to be recognized as the fundamental question in affording a test by which the old and new thought may readily be distinguished.

The new views of church doctrines and the later interpretations of the Bible are not primarily due to the discovery of new facts, either in the domain of biology, because there a general acquiescence in the acceptability of the theory of evolution has become established; or in the domain of archæology where the excavations in Bible lands help us to gain an historical insight into the development of the people of Israel. The new phase in our religious life is rather the product of a change in our entire world-conception, which has been brought about by a gradual growth of mankind, favored, no doubt, by new discoveries, but ultimately due to a more systematic conception of the old and well established data of human experience.

Though the writer is a representative of the new view, he is ready to concede that the reluctance is quite justified which some of us show in accepting the new way of thinking even where the old may have become positively untenable. In the popular comprehension of the world the old conception is intimately interwoven with all our moral maxims and spiritual aspirations. Accordingly it is not uncommon to find that in many cases where it is superseded a general upheaval follows in which all stability, all character, all ethical valuation is lost. Character has fallen with the former views of life and cannot be quickly rebuilt upon the foundations of the new. But it is easy to overlook the fact that the old view contains the truth in figurative and allegorical language. Though the dogmas of Christianity may have become untenable in their literal interpretation, they possess a significance which should not be rejected, and it is this significance which we should carefully sift out and preserve as the good and true.

The difference between the old conception and the new was driven home to me when I read a review of Professor Cornill's books on Old Testament history and prophecy. Professor Cornill is professor of Old Testament theology at the University of Königsberg. He is an authority in the line of his work and the results of his labor (at least in their general character) have been accepted as much as those of his co-workers by all who are familiar with the problems involved and with the arguments on which the fabric of our higher criticism is based. But in addition to the scientific qualification of Professor Cornill, we must add that he is personally of an extremely devout temperament and we know that he has

reached many of his conclusions against his own wishes. Yet, in the minds of those unacquainted with the real problems of the Bible he figures as a rankly destructive critic, and we read in a review of his *Prophets of Israel* by a writer of the old school the following humorous passage:*

"When Dr. Cornill gets to heaven, and hears Moses and the Prophets praising the Messiah they foretold in the sublime strains of their inspired prophecy, he will wonder that he wrote this book."

This is apparently not meant for a joke and we are even surprised at the breadth of the reviewer who grants the possibility that Professor Cornill may meet Moses hereafter and be sent to a different destination.

* * *

Among the dogmas of Christianity no one is so doubtfully established as that of the resurrection. The early disciples believed in it, but their views as to its nature and the facts upon which their belief was based are quite contradictory. The early Christians insisted on the resurrection of the body, and the apostolic confession of faith incorporates the hope of a resurrection of the flesh for all men. Let us briefly review the canonical statements concerning the resurrection of Jesus.

The apostle Paul bases his evidence on the vision which he had on the road to Damascus, that to him is identical to an actual meeting with Christ. On account of this vision he considers himself an apostle who has been called by the Lord himself; and he avoids meeting the apostles at Jerusalem (Gal. i. 17) to learn anything concerning the Christian doctrine from any of the others who had seen Jesus in the flesh, in order to be able to say that he "neither received it of man, neither was he taught it," but had it by "the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Among the four Gospels, that of Mark has been commonly recognized as the oldest, and it is peculiar that its conclusion is a later addition. The original conclusion has been lost or, as seems plausible, has been suppressed because it did not agree with the dogmatic views of the Church. It seems to have been in too obvious contradiction to the other records, especially that according to John. The original argument of the resurrection in the Gospel of Mark is expressed in the words of the angel: "He is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him." The evidence is negative, being based simply on the statement of the empty tomb.

* *The Post-Graduate and Wooster Quarterly*, Jan., 1896, p. 170.

The account in Matthew is an amplification of the simpler story of Mark. There we read of an earthquake; an angel descends; rolls away the stone and sits upon it—all in view of the women visiting the tomb. The words of the angel are the same in each instance, but the motive of the visit of the women to the tomb is different. According to Mark they went to annoint the body, while according to Matthew they only visit the sepulchre. Perhaps the author of the later text deemed it doubtful that in an Oriental country an attempt should be made to annoint a body on the third day after death.

No reference is made by Mark to soldiers who should act as keepers of the grave. This feature of the story obviously belongs to a later period in its development, when unbelievers made the suggestion that the body might have been stolen.

According to Mark and Matthew the women remain outside the tomb; but according to Luke they enter, and while they are perplexed at not finding the body of Jesus, "behold, two men stood by them in shining garments," who preached a little sermon on the subject, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

While Matthew records one single appearance of the resurrected Jesus in Galilee (xxviii. 16-20), Luke also reports only one, but in Jerusalem (xxiv. 36-43).

The meeting with the disciples on the road to Emmaus belongs obviously to a later period. It is a most beautiful expression of the Christians' belief in the living presence of their master, but though an occurrence of the kind described is quite probable in itself, it contributes nothing that could be regarded as historical evidence. The two disciples, Kleopas and his companion, discuss with the stranger on the road the passion of Christ and the reports of the women who claim that he has risen, and afterwards they have the impression that it must have been Jesus to whom they were talking because he broke bread and gave thanks in the Nazarene fashion.

The story of the resurrection reaches a further phase in its development when skeptics offer the objection that Christ's appearance may have been an unsubstantial vision. In answer, such stories were produced as the account of Thomas whom Jesus bids "handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me have."

The criticism that he may have been a mere ghost or spiritual presence, is further refuted in a story in Luke (xxiv. 41-43) in which the resurrected Jesus goes so far as to prove his bodily reality as to eat in the presence of his disciples in order to convince them of his actual existence: "And while they yet believed not for joy, and

wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb. And he took it and did eat before them."

Obviously there are five stages in the development of the resurrection story: in the first stage, the appearances, as St. Paul states, belong to the domain of the sense of sight; in the second phase they extend to the sense of hearing; in the third place the sense of touch is added; fourth the resurrected one is made to eat; and finally he rises to heaven. This last and fifth stage completed the development of the legend, and was added in order to dispose of the skeptical query as to why Jesus did not continue to show himself on earth.

In all accounts we have narratives adapted to special dogmas of the Church, and we can see a development toward a more and more materialistic conception of the resurrection which is exactly suited to the materialistic spirit of the early Church.

The gradual development of the resurrection legend can scarcely be considered a matter of opinion, but is a text-critical fact which remains true whether or not Christ rose from the dead. Even the most orthodox theologians do not deny that the oldest account closes abruptly with the discovery of the empty tomb, and the original conclusion seems to be hopelessly lost.

Prof. H. J. Holtzmann, the greatest authority in New Testament criticism and well known and respected by theologians of all parties in Germany, says on page 304 of the first volume of his *Hand-Commentar zum Neuen Testament* (a learned work and perhaps the most complete in summing up all results of New Testament textual criticism):

"There is within the range of the synoptic gospels, no event whose narration is so full of contradictions. . . .

"At any rate the appearances at Jerusalem are so told that those in Galilee become impossible, and those in Galilee are so told that those in Jerusalem are excluded. . . .

"That gospel which can be depended upon, whenever contradictory references appear (viz. the Gospel according to Mark) breaks off suddenly here (Mark xvi. 8)

"Not less apparent are the contradictions concerning the way in which the life of the risen one is received. On the one hand tangible proofs are offered for the bodily identity of the risen one with the crucified. Yet while sensible tangibility and physical nutrition (Luke xxiv. 15, 16, 31, 36, 51) are attributed to him, other features do not show him as a man who has awakened from his

former life, but as a supernatural being who is worshiped (Matt. xxviii. 9, 17), whose face is only gradually recognized (Luke xxiv. 16, 31) even by his disciples, whose sudden appearance and disappearance (Luke xxiv. 31, 36, 51), cause his disciples to imagine that they see a ghost (Luke xxiv. 37) or to doubt the identity of his person (Matt. xxviii. 17). In general, the mode of existence of the risen one has thus early reached a stage which endows him in a certain measure with the omnipresence attributed to him in later days."

At present the tendency among theologians is toward a more spiritual conception of the resurrection; and the belief in the resurrection of the flesh is replaced by a belief in the immortality of the soul.

The early Christians were recruited from people in the lower walks of life. It is perhaps natural that to them the Pauline conception was too spiritual, since they would not care for an immortality unless their very bodily existence was reanimated. They were like the Esquimaux who insisted that if they could not have cod-liver oil in heaven they would not care to go there. Man is naturally materialistic and sensual, so he represents his natural longing for a preservation of himself beyond the grave in the form that is most suited to his taste, and we may deem it a symptom of the purification of our religious life if the doctrine of the reanimation of the corpse is abandoned for a nobler, more spiritual idea of immortality.

Present theology so far as it reflects the views of leading (I might even say orthodox) circles, differs from the old rationalism in this important point: that the old rationalists simply rejected in a spirit of contempt or ridicule the record of miracles and especially the miracle of the resurrection of Jesus, as an old woman's tale; while now our leading theologians recognize that the origin of legends is the natural effect of a great personality upon his disciples. The truth that the martyred leader of the Nazarenes who had died on the cross remained a powerful presence in the minds of his disciples, necessarily took shape in their hearts in such a form as was adapted to their state of culture and views of life. We realize very clearly now that ideas can not be disposed of by the death of those who hold them. Anarchists cannot abolish monarchies by slaying kings, and reforms can not be quenched by burning the reformer. The souls of the martyrs live on and march triumphantly in the progress of the age. Legends of a budding religion are the poetical expression of the faith that is in its devotees. It characterizes the bloom of religious growth, and far from despi-

sing the poetical form which religion assumes, we learn to appreciate it even though we may analyze its structure and mode of development. In this sense, men like Holtzmann do not denounce passages that reflect the enthusiasm of the growing Church in such a way as to be without foundation in fact, as spurious or fraudulent impositions, but regard them as hyper-historical truths.

Theology (as we have said in previous articles)* has become a science, and as a science it is bound to search for and state the truth; but the statement of the truth can be and should be made with tact and discretion and it is highly desirable that we should gradually learn to employ towards other religions that charity which we also need to practice at home. Comparative religion will not attain its full significance, until we can treat other religions with the same fairness with which we should treat and are beginning to treat our own.

* *The Monist*, Vol. XII, 544; XIII, 24.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.*

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

THE attitude of mind assumed by Mr. Wakeman, in his criticism of Dr. Funk's book, *The Widow's Mite*, is quite understandable, very human, and—from one point of view—thoroughly justifiable. Mr. Wakeman's attitude may be taken, I believe, as fairly representing the average scientific mind of to-day; that of Dr. Carus as a typical scientific-philosophical mind. I shall devote a few words, first, to a consideration of the remarks of each of these gentlemen, before stating my main contention—which is, namely, that the majority of the *Open Court* readers do not look at psychical research phenomena in the proper spirit—or study them from the particular point of view of the psychical researcher.

Mr. Wakeman's main contention is, of course, that the majority (not all, but the majority) of scientific men, with the great Professor Haeckel at their head, have pronounced against the possibility of personal immortality; or of the existence of any such thing as "spirit" or "soul," separable from its material encasement. I quite understand and appreciate the strength and the character of the evidence upon which Mr. Wakeman relies for his dogmatic assertions—evidence undoubtedly strong, positive, abundant, and lending a very strong impetus to the materialistic cause. It is true that there is another way of viewing these newer results of science—a method of interpreting them which tells—not in favor of materialism, but just the reverse; and it is also true that there are many weighty philosophic and metaphysical objections to the doctrine of materialism—(meaning by this any system which excludes "spirit" as a separate essence or entity)—but on these I shall not dwell here. In the first place, this is not the time or place for such a discussion; and, in the second place, I am not at all sure myself that these ob-

* A brief criticism of the articles on this subject by Thaddeus B. Wakeman and the Editor of *The Open Court* in the number for June, 1905.

jections *should* carry weight, or even enter at all, into a scientific discussion. Science deals with *facts*, and it is the *fact* of personal immortality that we must now consider from that particular scientific or critical attitude.

I can quite appreciate the repugnance Mr. Wakeman feels in discussing any such thing as "spirit"—I have experienced just such feelings myself and fully understand them. Let us, then, eliminate "spirit" from our discussion, and use the expression "persistence of personal consciousness." Having thus eliminated the objectionable term, perhaps we may arrive at a basis for discussion.

The great point is, of course, that consciousness is indubitably bound up, in some way, with brain function; and the scientific man asserts that the thought—and so consciousness—is in some manner a product of this functioning, or, at least, so inseparably bound up with it that any existence *apart* from such functioning is unthinkable and altogether unwarranted. He asserts that thought is but one aspect of the nervous system's functioning, and that when that functioning ceases, there is and can be, consequently, no more thought or consciousness. The conclusion is obvious, therefore—it is claimed—that consciousness is obliterated at death, and, as Mr. Wakeman puts it—"After the death of Mr. Beecher there was, therefore, no possible spirit, soul, or consciousness of him extant, to bother or be bothered about his 'widow's mite,' or anything else." (P. 361.)

Now my claim is this: that in such reasoning the cart has, figuratively speaking, been placed before the horse; and that a wrong course of argument has been pursued. Instead of searching, impartially, for the facts in the case, an *a priori* denial of the possibility of such facts has been made—and, of course, if a fact is impossible it cannot exist! But how do we know that it is impossible? At the most we can only raise a *presumption* against its occurrence; and a dogmatic denial of its possibility has led science into great and preposterous blunders more than once. It is only necessary to recall such cases as the experiments of Galvani; and, more recently, the questions of meteors, hypnotism, etc., to be assured of the accuracy of that statement. Of course, scientific reserve in the face of new and strange facts is always justifiable, but that is a different matter to flat *a priori* denial. But the point is that instead of searching for such facts as tend to prove man's immortality, the majority of scientists content themselves with declaring, *without* investigation, that such a condition is impossible: quite forgetting the fact that logic shows us that it is impossible to prove a negative!

The psychical researcher also realizes the strength of the scien-

tific *presumption* against a future life of any sort, but says—"nevertheless, here are certain well-evidenced facts which seem to prove such survival. If I can obtain enough and definite enough facts and evidence of this character, then the presumption will be overthrown, because we have certain facts which definitely prove it to be incorrect." In short, the only method from which any conclusive result can follow is that in which all presumption is laid aside and deliberate experiment entered upon. That is the attitude of the psychical researcher. As I wrote some years ago, *à propos* of this very point,* "Obviously, the only way to decide this question is not to speculate *a priori* upon the possibility of spirit existence, and reason from that, the possibility of its return—but to test and establish the possibility of its return, from which we can argue (should that be established) that man *has* a spirit *to* return. Here, as before, it is merely a question of evidence."

Now, of the character, the variety, and the strength of this evidence I cannot, of course, speak here. I must refer the interested reader to the eighteen printed volumes of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, (S. P. R.), or, if this is too much to ask, I would suggest that the reader peruse Professor Hyslop's very excellent book entitled *Science and a Future Life*. Professor Hyslop handles this question in what is to my mind an ideal manner, and I cannot too strongly recommend it to the serious attention of the readers of *The Open Court*.

To turn to the article by Dr. Carus: I am not quite sure that I fully understand his position in the matter. I take it to be (but I stand open to correction) that all *personal* or individual immortality is denied; but that the impression or imprint our life and personality have made upon the human race—or rather those of the race with whom we came into contact—constitutes the after-effects, or immortality of which Dr. Carus speaks. Of course, no one would deny *that* kind of immortality in any case, but I venture to suggest that—for the individual concerned—such an immortality practically amounts to annihilation. Immortality without individuality is no immortality at all. I cannot now go into any detailed discussion of Dr. Carus' attitude—because the length of this paper is already too great, but I can only say that it does not at all appeal to me. Either the individual exists *as such*, or he does not. If not, it is practically annihilation so far as *he* is concerned. With this I leave that branch of the discussion.

* *Metaphysical Magazine*, January-March, 1903, p. 198; article: "Psychical Research."

A few final words as to the interrelation of brain and mind; and the inferences that are drawn from the "admitted fact" of the correlation of mental states and cerebral changes. For every thought there is a corresponding change in the brain-substance—from which the conclusion is drawn that "when there is no more brain there can be no more thought or consciousness." But does that follow? Because the two facts are always coincidental, does it follow that the brain-change *produced* the thought? By no means! We might urge, on the contrary, that the brain-change was merely the *result* of such thought; or that it was merely coincidental in time, without the one affecting the other, or that both are but aspects of something else. This fact of functional dependence has been looked at from one standpoint only. As Prof. William James remarked in his *Human Immortality* "it would appear that the supposed impossibility of its (the soul's) continuing comes from too superficial a look at the admitted fact of functional dependence. The moment we inquire more closely into the notion of functional dependence, and ask ourselves, for example, how many kinds of functional dependence there may be, we immediately perceive that there is one kind at least, that does not exclude a life hereafter at all. The fatal conclusion of the physiologist flows from his assuming offhand *another* kind of functional dependence, and treating it as the only imaginary kind." But this is altogether unwarranted and unjustifiable. I have elaborated a theory of consciousness, and of its relation to brain function, in my article on "The Origin and Nature of Consciousness," (*The Metaphysical Magazine*, April-June, 1905, pp. 42-56) which accepts the *fact* of dependence, but endeavors to account for it in such a manner as would leave personality quite possible, and immortality an open question: one that could *then* be determined by direct experiment. Mr. Wakeman must not misunderstand me: I am not arguing that the soul *does* exist—but merely that it is *possible* for it to exist—and, this being the case we should endeavor to directly experiment in those directions which hold out some hope of its proof as existent. Personally I do not particularly care whether the soul lives after the death of the body or not. To me, as I have repeatedly stated, it is merely a question of evidence—of verifiable fact. But I do object to the attitude of men who assert offhand and *a priori*, that such an existence is impossible, because I do not think that such a conclusion is either justified or warranted by the results of modern science—especially in the face of evidence now accumulated by the Psychical Research Society—of which I am an unworthy member.

EDITOR'S REPLY.

Though I do not characterize my position as materialism, I feel convinced that Mr. Carrington would be obliged to call me a materialist according to his classification. According to my nomenclature, materialism* is that view which attempts to explain the world from matter and motion, and omits the most essential characteristic of existence—the significance and reality of purely formal relations. But in spite of my objection to materialism as a philosophical principle, I would not hesitate to deny the ghost existence of the soul which means that spirits could lead an independent life without being somehow incarnated into bodily actuality. I recognize the spiritual and I claim that it alone possesses significance, while the material part of the universe and even energy amount to nothing unless guided by the will of spiritual purpose. Further I wish to state that Mr. Carrington has probably understood my position correctly in appreciating the significance of man's after-life, the reality of which as he says no one would deny. But he does not grasp the implications of this view which might as well be stated in a negative form declaring that the individual as a separate entity, a kind of thing-in-itself after the Vedantist *atman* does not exist at all so it could not survive. The first question to be solved is not whether or not the personality of man will live again, but what is the personality of man, how does it originate, and whence does it come; and the solution of this will naturally answer the other question, Whither does it fare? I believe I have treated the subject with sufficient plainness in my little book *Whence and Whither*.

The negative aspect which denies that personality is a thing-in-itself is misleading in so far as it seems to deny the reality of personality. If our soul is not a thing-in-itself it is still a fact of real life, and though that congregation of ideas, impulses, sentiments, and purposes which constitutes myself at the present moment will be broken up in death it will nevertheless continue to constitute a factor in the world of living and aspiring mankind, and it will continue to be accompanied by the consciousness of living generations just as much as my ideas are conscious in my own body. We shall be preserved entire and nothing will be lost in death of the essential features of our personality.

This view may be unsatisfactory to many people and may ap-

* For details of my criticism as to the errors of the materialism of Carl Voigt, see *Fundamental Problems*, pp. 350-354.

pear tantamount to extinction from the standpoint of those who are under the illusion that their personality is in the present existence a thing-in-itself, and I would not deny that it is so; but I claim that kind nature has with seeming intention clothed the truth in the language of myth and has made mankind create different allegories as to the nature of immortality, making it more or less materialistic and sensuous. All the several religions present the truth of immortality in an artistic form which is only untrue if its symbolism is understood literally.

In Mr. Carrington's conception my views would probably appear identical with those of Mr. Wakeman, for like him I do not believe that spirits of the departed can be consulted or communicated with in the style of mediumistic séances, but I object to Mr. Wakeman's position in so far as I must emphatically declare that man's life is not finished at his death. That the after-life constituted by the effects of life itself is a salient part of the present life and has to be constantly considered in all our actions. A consideration of the status of our being after we are gone should be the supreme motive of all our principles, and I would not hesitate to say that it constitutes the basis of all true morality.

I have followed with great interest the work of the Society of Psychical Research, but I must confess that I do not deem its results as assured as do many of its enthusiastic members. So far as I can see they are of a negative nature and disproportionately small to the enormous output of labor and expense.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

EXPURGATED FROM SUPERSTITION.

Abou ben Adhem, (why speak of his sire,
Foul gases decomposed by air and by fire?
Why of his tribe's increase, jest of the breeze,
Upcast like sun-hatched spawn, from unknown seas?)
So Abou, sleeping on his silk divan,
While indigestion's fancies through him ran,
Full-gorged with meat, and superstitions old,
Dreamed he saw writing, in a book of gold,
An angel. And of this subjective sprite,
Sport of his brain, he asked, "What do you write?"
The vision raised its head, "I write the names
Of those who love the Lord." "Dreams, idle dreams."
Quoth Abou, "God is dead." "Alas! 'tis true,"
She said, "that God and love are dead, with you."
"Nay! write me as one that loves his fellow-men,"
Said Abou; but the spirit spake again,
And asked, "Can lumps of gathered filth then love,
Hold fellowship, and faith? Pray, rise above
Such superstitions, let me write for you
Your debtors' names, whom it will pay to sue,
The cash you squandered on some deed of good,
And what you wasted when you shared your food;
If naught's worth serving save your appetites
Then drop your jargon-slang of wrongs and rights,
And be yourself; rob, ravish, lash your slaves,
For duty, mercy, love, are in their graves
With God." "But learning, fame," he cried, "are things
That outrun fate, and lend us God-like wings!"
"Do hunted rats," she said, "then outrun cats
To leave a record-mark for coming rats?
Winged bats, in caves, head-downward hang all day,
But use their wings to keep the light away;
If life's long quest for fame and learning fall
With your poor body's breath, why try at all?"
"Stop! Stop!" he cried; "Why should I stop?" she said.

"Do you fear truth? or is truth also dead?"

"I'll slay myself," he shrieked, "and end life's woe!"

"Nay," she replied, "you've done that long ago."

I. W. HEYSINGER.

NOTES.

In our frontispiece, "Called to the Colors," a modern Japanese painting by Kiyokata Kaburagi, we see a young Japanese officer taking leave of his family, mother, wife, and child. He is in the modern uniform of young Japan while the women and children still retain the national costume of former times.

A souvenir of the Chicago Schiller Centennial Celebration has appeared in book form under the title *Schiller-Gedenkfeier*, and is for sale at Koelling & Klappenbach's, 100 Randolph Street, Chicago, for \$1.00 per copy (by mail prepaid, \$1.30). It is bound in buff linen with title embossed in red, and contains appreciations from about eighty well-known people, together with a number of portraits.

The Rev. Daniel Crosby Greene publishes a statement on *The Christian Movement in Its Relation to the New Life in Japan*, (published for the Standing Committee of Co-operating Christian Missions, Yokohama, 1904. Pp. 245.), which is full of promise for Christian missionaries and explains why both the Christians and native missionaries of Japan are patriotic and faithful supporters of the present imperial policy. There is scarcely any need to mention that the Japanese enjoy absolute religious liberty and that no objection whatever is made to Christian missionaries of any denomination.

"The Philosophy of Pain," by Dr. Ernest Crutcher, is a thoughtful article which proves that the author has pondered deeply on the problems of life. He has much to say that should be considered and remembered. His line of thought would indicate that he is rather isolated, and his very style seems to confirm it. Under these conditions we are not astonished to find that his conception of the soul not only betrays a spiritualistic tendency, but even as such it regards the soul as a stranger on earth. He says, for instance: "The soul is alien to this planet; while here it is in the dark. Its lamps are the five senses. If one lamp be put out the soul perceives only by the others. The soul can suffer no physical pain for it is spiritual. When its mortal senses are destroyed, it must flee away to its altersphere,—its altnernity."

We believe that the soul has developed on this planet by and through and with the activity of its body. We believe that the soul does feel physical pain, for the spiritual is closely interwoven with the bodily life, and both are two different spheres of action of one and the same reality. We do not intend to enter into further explanations, for in spite of our discrepancies with Dr. Crutcher on this very important part, we have read his article with satisfaction and profit.

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The work aims at scientific impartiality in comparing the two faiths. While the author thinks it probable that one Evangelist—Luke—made use of Buddhist legends in his own poetical introduction, yet he fully admits the independence and originality of the Christian Gospels in the main.

The work abounds in misprints, because the publishers could not keep the type standing seven weeks, while the mails came and went between Tokyo and Philadelphia. But a list of errata may be had on application.

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